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PORTRAITS, MEMOIRS,  
AND  
CHARACTERS  
OF  
REMARKABLE PERSONS,  
FROM THE  
Reign of Edward the Third,  
TO THE  
REVOLUTION.

COLLECTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS EXTANT.

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By JAMES CAULFIELD.

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VOL. I.

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London :

Printed for J. CAULFIELD, Clare-Court, Drury-Lane; and  
ISAAC HERBERT, Bookfeller, Pall-Mall.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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OF the twelve different classes of Engraved Portraits arranged by the late ingenious Mr. Granger; there is not one so difficult to perfect, with original prints, as that which relates to persons of the lowest description; the reason of which, it is evident, arises from the little estimation they were held in when first published; as it is sufficiently known, that prints of this class, that could not have sold originally for more than twelve pence, would at this time, if brought to public sale, produce near as many guineas. The publisher of this Work has for some years past collected many of the prints of small value, but it was not until he was favored with the loan of the most scarce ones, from the fine collection of James Bindley, Esq. that the thought of reprinting the twelfth class illustrated with prints first suggested itself. There are two prints in this Volume that are generally, (and I think justly) esteemed unique, viz. *Matthew Hopkins*, witch-finder general, and *Mother Damnable*, of Kentish Town; the former of which prints is stated by Granger, on the authority of Mr. Gough, to be in the Pepysian library. But  
I am

I am well assured, that a respectable gentleman, who wants but few prints to perfect Granger's Biographical History of England, spent some days in a fruitless search after it. And the *other print*, I am fully persuaded, would be equally difficult to find in any other than the above collection; which abounds with Portraits equally rare, of every other class.

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The Second Volume will commence with the conspirators in the gunpowder treason; from a MOST RARE AND CURIOUS PRINT, containing the authentic Portraits of Robert Catesby; Thomas Percy; Thomas and Robert Winter; John and Christopher Wright; Guy Fawkes; and Thomas Bates, Catesby's man.







*Correctly Copied from an extreme Rare Print in the  
Collection of J. Bindley Esq.*

*Published as the Act directs March 20. 1792 by J. Caulfield. London*



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M E M O I R S  
O F  
R E M A R K A B L E P E R S O N S.

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M A T T H E W H O P K I N S.

[ CHARLES I.

**M**ATTHEW HOPKINS, of Manningtree, who was witch-finder for the associated counties,\* hanged, in one year, no less than sixty reputed witches in his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent; such as could neither plead their own cause nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims

\* In the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, MATTHEW HOPKINS of Manningtree in Essex, and one John Stern, and a woman along with them, went round from town to town, through many parts of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire, to discover witches. Several clergymen preached and spoke against them as far as those times would suffer, and particularly Mr. Gaul of Stoughton in Huntingdonshire, opposed very heartily the trade that these people drove. In the beginning of his book, he hath printed a letter that HOPKINS wrote to one

victims of this wretch's credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, which frequently grow large and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps.

His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming upon this *experiment*, was deemed a full proof

in his town. I will put down the letter just as Mr. Gaul printed it, because it shews us the man, and the gainful trade they made of it, and how any that opposed them were discouraged by the committees.

M. N.

" My service to your worship presented, I have this day received a letter, &c. to come to a town called Great Stoughton, to search for evil disposed persons called witches (though I heare your minister is farre against us through ignorance) I intend to come (God willing) the sooner, to heare his singular judgement in the behalfe of such parties; I have known a minister in Suffolk preach against their discovery in a pulpit, and forced to recant it (by the committee) in the same place. I much marvaile such evil members should have any (much more any of the clergy, who should dayly preach terroure to convince such offenders,) stand up to take their parts, against such as are complainants for the king, and sufferers themselves with their families and estates, I intend to give youre town a visite suddenly. I am to come to Kimbolton this week, and it shall be tenne to one but I will come to your town first, but I would certainly know aforehand

proof of guilt; for which king James, *who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it*, assigned a ridiculous reason: "That, as such persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond; "if they floated or swam, they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken

hand whether your town affords many sticklers for such cattell, or willing to give and afford us good welcome and entertainment, as otherwhere I have been, else I shall wave your shire, (not as yet beginning in any part of it myself,) and betake me to such places where I do and may persist without controule, but with thanks and recompense. So I humbly take my leave, and rest

your servant to be commanded,

MATTHEW HOPKINS.

In the 77th page of his book, after the mention of twelve very ridiculous signs of witchcraft, too much made use of at that time Mr. Gaul proceeds—"To all these I cannot but add one a flag which I have lately learnt, partly from some communications I had with one of the witch-finders, (as they call them,) partly from the confession (which I heard) of a suspected and a committed witch so handled as she said, and partly as the country people talk of it. Having taken the suspected witch, she is placed in the middle of a room upon a stool or table, cross legged, or in some other uneasy posture; to which, if she submits not, she is then bound with cords there is she watched, and kept without meat, or sleep, for the space of four and twenty hours. (For they say that within that time they shall see her imp come and suck.) A little hole is likewise made in the door, for the imps to come in at; and lest i should come in some less discernible shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see

taken out and burnt; if they were innocent, they were *only* drowned." The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself, in his own way, and he was upon the event, condemned, and as it seems, executed as a wizzard. Dr. Zach. Grey says, that he had seen an account of betwixt three and four thousand persons, who suffered death for witchcraft,

any spiders or flies, to kill them. And if they cannot kill them, then they may be sure they are her imps."

It was very requisite that these witch-finders should take care to go to no towns, but where they might do what they would, without being controled by sticklers; but if the times had not been as they were, they would have found few towns where they might be suffered to use the trial of the stool, which was as bad as most tortures. Do but imagine a poor old creature under all the weakness and infirmities of old age, set like a fool in the middle of a room, with a rabble of ten towns round about her house; then her legs tied cros, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat. By that means, after some hours, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. Then must she continue in pain four and twenty hours, without either sleep or meat; and since this was their ungodly way of trial, what wonder was it, if when they were weary of their lives, they confessed any tales that would please them, and many times they knew not what; and for a proof that the extorted confessions were mere dreams and inventions to free themselves from torture, I will add some of the particulars that they confessed. Elizabeth Clark, an old beggar with only one leg, they said had an imp called *Vinegar Tom*; another called *Sack and Sugar*; and another that she said she would fight up to the knees in blood before she would lose it. She said the devil came to her two or three times a week, and lay with her like a man; and that he was so  
very



witchcraft, in the king's dominions, from the year 1640 to the restoration of Charles II.† In a letter from Serjeant Widdrington to Lord Whitlock, mention is made of another fellow, a Scotsman, of the same profession with Hopkins. This wretch received twenty shillings a head for every witch that he discovered, and got thirty pounds by his discoveries.

very like a man, that she was forced to rise and let him in when he knocked at the door, and she felt him warm. Ellen Clark fed her imp. Goodw. Hagtree kept her imp with oatmeal a year and a half and then lost it. One killed her imp for doing mischief. Susan Cocks's imp worried sheep, Joyce Boans's imp killed lambs, and Ann West's imps sucked of one another.

*Hutchinson's Essay on Witchcraft, p. 61.*

† Grey's "Hudibras," vol. ii, p. 11. Dr. Grey supposes with great reason, that HOPKINS is the man meant in the following lines of Butler.

"Has not the present parliament  
A ledger to the devil sent,  
Fully empowered to treat about  
Finding revolted witches out?  
And has not he, within a year,  
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?  
Some only for not being drowned,  
And some for sitting above ground  
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,  
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;  
And some for putting knavish tricks  
Upon green geese and turkey chicks,  
Or pigs that suddenly deceast  
Of griefs unnat'ral as he guest,  
Who after proved himself a witch  
And made a rod for his own breech."

*Hud. Part ii. Canto 3.*

## JOSEPH CLARK.

JOSEPH CLARK of Pall-Mall, was undoubtedly the most extraordinary posture-master that ever existed. Though a well made man, and rather gross than thin; he exhibited in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently made himself merry with the taylor, often sending for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders; when his cloaths were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the taylor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could. But upon a third trial found him a strait shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a hump back. In short this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He dislocated the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of his body in such a manner, that Molins the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not so much as attempt his cure. He often passed for a  
cripple



*A. Lawson ad vivum del.*

*W. F. Taylor sculp.*

*Joseph Clark the Posture Master!*

*Published as the Act directs March 20 1792 by I. Caulfield, London.*





cripple upon persons, with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would assume all the uncouth faces that he saw at a quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William's reign.

*The following account of Clark is taken from the Philosophical Transactions,  
for July, 1698*

In the Pall Mall at London, lived one Clark, called the posture-master, that had such an absolute command of all his muscles and joints, that he could disjoint almost his whole body; so that he imposed on our famous Mullens, who looked on him in so miserable a condition, that he would not undertake his cure. Though he was a well-grown fellow, yet he would appear in all the deformities that can be imagined, as hunch backed, pot bellied, sharp breasted; he disjointed his arms, shoulders, legs, and thighs, that he well appeared as great an object of pity as any; and he has often imposed on the same company where he has been just before to give him money as a cripple, he looking so much unlike himself that they could not know him. I have seen him make his hips stand out a considerable way from his loins, and so high that they seemed to invade the place of his back, in which posture he has so large a belly, as though one of our company had one of a considerable size, yet, it seemed lank compared with his. He turns his face into all shapes, so that by himself he acts all the uncouth, demure, odd faces of a quaker's meeting; I could not have conceived it possible to have done what he did, unless I had seen it, and I am sensible how short I am come to a full description of him—None certainly  
can

JACK ADAMS.

**JACK ADAMS**, professor of the celestial sciences at Clerkenwell-Green, was a blind buzzard, that pretended to have the eyes of an eagle. He was chiefly employed in horary questions, relative to love and marriage, and knew, upon proper occasions, how to sooth the passions, and flatter the expectations of those who consulted him; as a man might have had much better fortune from him for five guineas than for the same number of shillings. He affected a singular dress, and cast his horoscopes with great solemnity. When he failed in his predictions, he declared that the stars did not absolutely force, but powerfully inclinè; and threw the blame upon wayward and perverse fate: he maintained that their tendency was intrinsically right, when they intimated such things as were never verified; and that they were only wrong, as the *hand* of a clock made by a skilful workman, when it is moved forward or backward, by any external  
and

can describe what he does, but himself. He began young to bring his body to it, and there are several instances of persons that can move several of their bones out of their joints, using themselves to it from children,



*Magnifico Smokentissimo Custardissimo Astrologissimo  
Guthingmanusino Rabbinsimo Viro IACKO ADAMS  
de Clarkenwell Greeno hanc lovelissimam sui Picturam*

*Hobbodebody pinxit et X ser atchabat*

*London, Pub. as the Act directs May 30. 1792 by J. G. A. Field*





and superior force. He assumed the character of a learned and *cunning* man; but was no otherwise cunning, than as he knew how to over-reach those credulous mortals who were as willing to be cheated, as he was to cheat them; and who relied implicitly upon his art. ‡ The mercurialists, physiognomists, chiromancers, astrologers, philomaths, and well-wishers to the mathematics, were more numerous in the reign of Charles II. than they have been at any other period. There was a large collection of their works in the Harlean library. §

‡ Astrologers are empirics in astral science, as quacks are in physic. Such was the credulity of the people, at this period, that there was scarce a country town in which there was not a calculator of nativities and a caster of urine; some, to their great emolument, united both professions, as *a student in physic and astrology* was, by the generality of the vulgar, esteemed much superior to a *mere physician*; and planetary influence was supposed to be of the greatest efficacy in human life, especially in love affairs. I have heard of a woman who married very foolishly, and had this posy on her ring, as an apology for her ill conduct.

None can prevent

The Stars' intent.

It was currently reported, among the people who best knew the wife, that "the Stars also intended that the poor husband should be a cuckold." I have said more than I should otherwise have done on this subject, as I have now before me a scheme of a nativity, drawn up, for aught I know to the contrary, by JACK ADAMS. This alone would serve for a satire upon astrology.

§ There appeared, in the reign of CHARLES II. an almanack under the name of "POOR ROBIN, a well-wisher to the mathematics," which

B

has

## WILLIAM LITHGOW.

**W**ILLIAM LITHGOW, whose sufferings by imprisonment and torture at Malaga, and whose travels, on foot, over Europe, Asia, and Africa, seem to raise him almost to the rank of a martyr\* and a hero, published an account of his peregrinations and adventures.† Though the author deals much in the marvelous, the horrid account of the strange cruelties of which he tells us, he was the subject, have, however, an air of truth. Soon after his arrival in England, from Malaga, he was carried to Theobalds on a feather bed, that king James might be an eye-witness of his "martyred anatomy," by which he means his wretched body mangled and reduced to a skeleton. The whole court crowded to see him; and his majesty ordered him to be taken care of; and he was twice sent

has been continued for about a century. The author hit the taste of the common people, who were much delighted with a wit of their own level. This occasioned the publication of a book of jests, under the same name, and in the same reign.

\* He suffered as a spy and heretic, having been condemned by the inquisition.

† The first edition was printed in 1614, 4to. and re-printed in the next reign, with additions and a dedication to Charles I.



WILLIAM LITHGOW,  
*In the Diaks he walked through Turkey.*

*Published July 20. 1792. by Isaac Ford, London.*





sent to Bath at his expence. By the king's command, he applied to Gondamor, the Spanish ambassador, for the recovery of the money and other things of value which the governor of Malaga had taken from him, and for a thousand pounds for his support. He was promised a full reparation for the damage he had sustained; but the perfidious minister never performed his promise. When he was upon the point of leaving England, Lithgow upbraided him with the breach of his word, in the presence chamber, before several gentlemen of the court. This occasioned their fighting upon the spot; and the ambassador, as the traveller oddly expresses it, had his fistula† contrabanded with his fist. The unfortunate Lithgow, who was generally commended for his spirited behaviour, was sent to the Marshalsea, where he continued a prisoner nine months. At the conclusion of the octavo edition of his "Travels," he informs us, that, in his three voyages, "his painful feet have traced over (besides passages of seas and rivers) thirty-six thousand and odd miles, which draweth near to twice the circumference of the whole earth." Here the marvelous seems to rise to the incredible, and to set him in point of veracity below Coryat, whom it is nevertheless

† Gondamor was afflicted with a fistula, which occasioned his using a perforated chair, which is exhibited in one of his prints.

nevertheless certain he far out-walked. His description of Ireland is whimsical and curious. This, together with the narrative of his sufferings, is reprinted in Morgan's *Phœnix Britannicus*. His book is very scarce.

*It appears by the following extract, that Lithgow had no scruple in appropriating every accident to his own advantage ; and that, upon some occasions, he could commit the same actions, he so severely censures in another.*

“ I traversed the kingdom to *Trapundie*, seeking transportation for *Africk*, but could get none : and returning thence overthwart the island, I call to memory being lodged in the bourge of *Saramutza*, belonging to a young baron, and being bound the way of *Castello Franko*, eight miles distant, and appertaining to another young noble youth, I rose and marched by the break of day, where it was my luck, half way from either town, to find both these beardless barons lying dead, and new killed, in the fields, and their horses standing tied to a bush beside them ; whereat, being greatly moved, I approached them, and perceiving the bodies to be richly clad with silken stuffs, facilely conjectured what they might be ; my host having told me the former night, that these two barons were at great discord about the love of a young noble woman. And here it proved, for that lady's sake, that *Troppo amore* turned to *Presto dolore*.

Upon which sight, to speak the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found their two silken purses full loaden with Spanish pistoles ; whereat my heart sprung for joy ; and taking five rings off their four hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground, half a mile beyond this place : And returning again, leaped to one of their horses, and came galloping back to *Saramutza* ; where calling up my host, I told him the accident, who, when he saw the horse, gave a shout for sorrow, and running to the castle, told the lady the baron's mother ; where in a moment, she, her children, and the whole town, run with me to the place, some clad, some naked, some on foot, and some on horse ; where when come, grievous was it to behold their woful and sad lamentations.

I thus





*M. J. Taylor fecit.*

*M. J. Taylor fecit.*

*Phillips the merry Andrew.*

*Published as the Act directs March 6. 1792. by J. Caudfield, London.*



## M E R R Y   A N D R E W.

THIS man whose name was Phillips, was some time a fiddler to a puppet-show; in which capacity he held many a dialogue with punch, in much the same strain as he did afterwards with the doctor his master, on the stage. As this zany was regularly educated, he had confessedly the advantage of the generality of his brethren—I shall take the liberty to observe here, that some sagacious critics have discovered very evident traces of the ancient drama, in the dialogue between *Punch* and the *Fidler*; in which the former answers to one or more of the actors, and the latter to the chorus. The origin of farce has been attributed to the entertainment exhibited by charlatans, and their buffoons, in the open street, to gather the croud together.

I thus seeing them all mad and distracted of their wits with sorrow, left them without good night: And coming to my treasure, made speedy way to *Castello Franko*, where bearing them the like news, brought them all to the like distraction and flight of feet.

And now to reckon the gold that I found in the aforefaid purses, it amounted to three hundred and odd double pistoles; and their rings being set with diamonds, were valued to a hundred chicqueens of Malta, (eight shillings the piece) which I dispatched for less. But the gold was my best second, which, like *Homer's Illiads* under *Alexander's* pillow, was my continual *Vade mecum*.

HENRY JENKINS.

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*The only Account, extant, of Henry Jenkins, is that by Mrs. Ann Saville, which is under his Print by Worlidge; it is likewise printed in the third Volume of the Philosophical Transactions.*

WHEN I came first to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162, or 3; and I asked, what kings he remembered? he said Henry the Eighth. I asked, what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flowden Field. I asked, whether the king was there? he said no, he was in France, and the earl of Surry was general. I asked him how old he might be then? he said I believe I might be between ten and twelve: for says he, I was sent to Northallerton, with a horse load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time;—for bows and arrows were then used, the earl

HENRY JENKINS of *ELLERTON*, in *YORKSHIRE*.  
Who lived to the Surprising Age of 169.  
*Which is 16 Years longer than Old Parr.*



*T. Wollidge del.*

*From an Original Painting by Walker*

*Published July 24 1792 by I. Caulfield. London.*





earl he named was general, and king Henry the Eighth was then at Tournay. And, yet it is observable, that this Jenkins could neither write or read, there were also four or five in the same parish, that were reputed all of them to be one hundred years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said: he told me then too, that he was butler to the lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains Abbey very well, before the dissolution of the monasteries.—Henry Jenkins § departed this life December, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale, in Yorkshire; the battle of Flowden Field was fought September the 9th, 1513, and he was about twelve years old when Flowden Field was fought. So that this  
Henry

§ The interesting events that happened in this man's life are very extraordinary—he was born when popery was established by law; he saw the papal supremacy thrown off; two queens beheaded; the monasteries dissolved; the protestant religion established; and popery again set up, as before. In his time the king of Spain was crowned king of England, a third queen beheaded, the whole navy of Spain destroyed by the English, the republic of Holland formed, and the protestant religion firmly settled in England. In his time the king of Scotland was crowned at Westminster, and his son and successor beheaded before the gates of his own palace; the government of the church and state overturned; the royal family proscribed as traitors, and again settled on the throne,

Henry Jenkins lived one hundred and sixty-nine years, *viz.* sixteen longer than old Parr, and was the oldest man born upon the ruins of this postdeluvian world. In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams; his diet was coarse and sour, but towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He hath sworn in Chancery and other courts, to above one hundred and forty years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, where he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of one hundred years.— In the king's remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record in a deposition of a cause, by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, labourer, aged one hundred and fifty-seven years, was produced, and deposed as a witness.

§ There is in the possession of Mr. Stokes, of Kenilworth in Warwickshire, a coffin-plate, (lately found) on which is the following remarkable inscription: "Mr. James Bowels, *obit Aug. 15th, 1656, Etatis 152.*" By this it appears he lived to the same age as old Parr, died twenty years after him, and seventeen years after Henry Jenkins. The plate, which is tin, had been plated on both sides, with silver, and marked on the back with the maker's name (as supposed) John Die.

EPITAPH on a Monument erected at BOLTON, in  
YORKSHIRE, by the Subscription of several to  
the Memory of HENRY JENKINS.

Blush not, Marble,  
To rescue from oblivion  
The Memory of

*Henry Jenkins,*

A Person obscure in Birth,  
But of a Life truly memorable:

F O R

He was enriched  
With the Goods of Nature,  
If not of Fortune,  
And Happy  
In the Duration,  
If not Variety,  
Of his Enjoyments:

A N D

Tho' the partial World  
Despised and disregarded  
His low and humble State,  
The equal Eye of Providence  
Beheld, and blessed it  
With a Patriarch's Health and length of Days,  
To teach mistaken Man,  
These Blessings are entailed on Temperance,  
A Life of Labour, and a Mind at Ease.  
He lived to the amazing Age of  
169.

Was interred here *December 6,*

1670:

And had this Justice done to his Memory,

1743,

C

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the

2. The second of these is the fact that the  
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the second of these is the fact that the

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8. The eighth of these is the fact that the  
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9. The ninth of these is the fact that the  
the ninth of these is the fact that the  
the ninth of these is the fact that the







*From an Original Painting in the British Museum.*

**M<sup>RS</sup> MARY DAVIS**

*of great Saughall near Chester. A.<sup>o</sup> 1668. Etatis 74 when  
 she was 28 years of Age, an Excrecence grew upon her  
 head, like to a Wen, which continued 30 years and then  
 grew into two Horns.*

*Published as the Act directs Sep<sup>r</sup> 10. 1757. by J. Stansfield, London.*

A BRIEF  
NARRATIVE

OF

*A Strange and Wonderful Old Woman,*

WHO HATH

A PAIR of HORNS,

GROWING UPON HER HEAD.

Giving a true Account how they have, several Times after  
their being shed, grown again.

Declaring the Place of her Birth, her Education and Con-  
versation: with the first Occasion of their Growth, the  
Time of their Continuance; and where she is now to be  
seen, viz. At the Sign of the Swan, near Charing Cross.

*You who love Wonders to behold,  
Here you may of a Wonder read:  
The strangest that was ever seen or told;  
A Woman bearing Horns upon her Head.*

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London: Printed by T. F. 1679.

RE-PRINTED FOR J. CAULFIELD, 1792.

A NARRATIVE, &c.

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READER,

**I**T may be, upon the first view of the title of this short relation, thou wilt throw it down with all the carelessness imaginable, supposing it to be but an idle and impertinent fiction; such as some frontless persons have too frequently exposed to public view, on purpose to impose upon the credulity of the gazing multitude, who are apt to gape at wonders, and to think all true as gospel, which they see in print.

That this may court thy more favorable thoughts, call to mind that such as intend to deceive, tell of wonders that are remote, and too far distant from thee, either suddenly to disprove, or presently to confirm thyself in the belief of what they have told.

This gives thee an account of what thou mayest, with little trouble, and as small expence, behold: take but a walk to the *Swan* in the *Strand*, near *Charing Cross*, and there thou mayest satisfy thy curiosity, and be able to tell the world, whether this following narration be truth or invention.

There thou mayest see a woman with horns growing upon the hinder part of her head, an object not  
only



only worthy of thy sight, but admiration too! She is seventy-six years of age, bred and born in the parish of *Shotwick*, in *Cheshire*, and within four miles of *Chester*, tenant unto his sacred majesty, upon a farm of sixteen pounds *per annum*; so that she is not necessitated to this course of life, or to deceive the credulous and short-sighted people, but to manifest to the world such a wonder in nature, as hath neither been read or heard of ( we may justly suppose, ) since the creation.

She was wife to one Mr. Henry Davies, who died thirty-five years passed; and since she hath lived a religious widow, all along, of a spotless and unblameable life and conversation; of singular use to her neighbours: for she is a professed midwife, happy and successful in that undertaking; so that her departure was generally lamented in the place of her abode, in such a measure, that several of her neighbours and acquaintance brought her many miles on her journey. This strange and stupendous effect began first from a foreness in that place where now the horns grow, which (as it is thought) was occasioned by wearing a strait hat. This foreness continued twenty years, in which time it miserably afflicted this good woman, and ripened gradually unto a wen, near the bigness of a large hen-egg, which continued for the space of five years, more  
sadly

badly tormenting her than before: After which time it was, by a strange operation of nature, changed into horns, which are in shew and substance, much like a ram's horns, solid and wrinkled; but badly grieving the old woman, especially upon the change of weather. But more accurately to describe its nature and manner of production, may be a subject proper for a college of physicians; and no question but it will be esteemed worthy to employ the ingenious *virtuosi* of the age, who need not their glasses to magnify its wonders.

She hath cast her horns three times already: the first time was but a single horn, which grew long, but as slender as an oaten-straw. The second was thicker than the former. The two first Mr. Hewson, minister of *Shotwick*, (to whose wife this rarity was first discovered) obtained of the old woman, his parishioner. They kept not an equal distance of time in falling off, some at three, some at four, and another at four years and a half's growth.

The third time grew two horns, both of which were beat off by a fall backward. One of them an *English* lord obtained, and (as is reported) presented it to the *French* king, for the greatest rarity in nature, and was received with no less admiration. The other, (which was the largest) was nine inches long and two inches about. It is much valued for the novelty;

novelty; a greater than any *John Tradeskin* § can set to view, or the greatest traveller can, with truth, affirm to have seen. Sir *Willoughby Aston* hath also another horn which dropped from this woman's head, and reserves it as a choice rarity. At this present she hath a pair of horns upon her head, of six months growth; and it is not without reason believed, they will, in a short time, be larger than any of the former; for still the latter have exceeded the former in bigness. The circumstance of this relation considered or examined, at least with the sight of her, I hope it will not readily be believed to be an imposture, or artificial projecting: For so grossly to impose upon his majesty, and all his loyal subjects, would be an unpardonable crime, and would deserve men's contempt and not their company, and certainly expose the party to the violence of a rude multitude, who discovering a cheat, would, I believe, soon make the old woman *pull in* her HORNS.

*I am informed that this very Mother Davies's Picture is now in the possession of the learned Sir Richard Mead, M. D. also Mr. Ward, Peruke Maker, in the Strand, has a horn, several inches in length, which he uses as a snuff-box, the which he avers to have grown on the head of another woman, whom he affirmed, not many months since, in a very public company,*

§ John Tradescant, the celebrated collector of Lambeth. EDITOR.

*pary, to be then alive, and that she had several others, at different times; naming the persons in whose hands the said horns then were. The curious may, perhaps, think it worth their trouble to make farther enquiry. All this induced me to make room for so remarkable a singularity.*

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In the university library at Edinburgh is preserved a horn, which was cut from the head of Elizabeth Love, in the fiftieth year of her age. It grew three inches above her ear, and was growing seven years.

There is an engraved portrait of a Mrs. Allen, who was to be seen in Coventry-street, near the Hay-market, in the year 1790, who (I learnt from the person she lodged with) had a horn of some years growth, cut from above her ear; after which there appeared in different parts of her head, several hard substances, one of which ripened into the crooked horn the print represents; and it is the opinion of an eminent surgeon, that the rest will grow into horns in a few years. She is now settled in Leicestershire. EDITOR.







*Mother Damnable*  
*of KENTISH TOWN*

Anno 1676.

*From a Unique Print in the Collection of J. Bindley Esq.*

*Published by J. Cautfield 1793.*

## MOTHER DAMNABLE.

OF the fhrew thus denominated, whose real name has not reached posterity, nothing farther is known than the following lines, annexed to her portrait—" *London, printed in the Year 1676,*"—inform us; of which, an unique impresson, as it is suppos'd to be, is in the possession of J. Bindley, Esq.

## MOTHER DAMNABLE

Y' HAVE often seen (from *Oxford tipling house*)  
 Th' effigies of *Shipton* fac'd *Mother Loue*, *see plate*  
 Whose petty pranks, (though some they might excel)  
 With this old trot's ne'er gallop'd parallel.  
 'Tis Mother Damnable! that monst'rous thing,  
 Unmatch'd by Mackbeth's wayward womens ring,  
 For cursing, scolding, fuming, flinging fire  
 I'th face of madam, lord, knight, gent, cit, squire;  
 Who, (when but ruffled into the least pet)  
 Will cellar door key into pocket get.  
 Then no more ale: and now the fray begins!  
 'Ware heads, wigs, hoods, scarfs, shoulders, sides, and shins!

D

While

While these dry'd bones, in a Westphalian bag,  
(Through th' wrinkled weafan of her shapeless crag)  
Sends forth such dismal shrieks, and uncouth noise,  
As fills the town with din, the street with boys;  
Which makes some think, this fierce she-dragon, fell,  
Can scarce be match'd by any this side hell.  
So fam'd, both far and near, is the renown  
Of Mother Damnable, of Kentish Town.  
Wherefore, this symbol of the cats we'll give her,  
Because, so curst, a dog would not dwell with her.

---

*London, printed in the Year 1676.*

It is, perhaps, not unreasonable to conjecture that she might be the original Mother Red Cap, and kept the public house, near Kentish Town, known, for a century past, by the sign of her head; in rivalry of which, a Mother Black Cap, appeared nearly opposite: which two ale-houses were, within these few years, almost the only dwellings on that spot, now covered with extensive piles of building.

JOHN







That I may neither beare anothers blame  
Through' wronge suspicions nor yet act Ye same  
At any time hereafter, but prove true  
Loe to be knowne your haue my face at viewe

JOHN CLAVELL.

---

THAT robbing on the highway, or any way, should, sometimes, be the consequence of a propensity to poetry, would not be much to be wondered at, as it so frequently entails poverty on its professors; but that robbing on the highway should be productive of poetry, is to be instanced, perhaps, only in the subject of these anecdotes.

John Clavell, gentleman, was of a respectable family; nephew, and heir at law to Sir William Clavell, Knight Banneret; and had a liberal education: whether, or not, he was bred to any profession, or employment, that might have kept him from bad company, and pecuniary inconvenience; strong incentives to the commission of such offences, as had nearly brought this singular character to an ignominious end, is unknown; suffice it to relate that in the early part of the reign of king Charles I. he was apprehended for a highway robbery; on which occasion the following lines, written by himself, were, previous to his trial, presented to the king.

D 2

“ I that

“ I, that have robb'd so oft, am now bid stand,  
 Death and the law assault me, and demand  
 My life and means ! I never used men so,  
 But, having ta'en their money, let them go ;  
 Yet must I die ! and is there no relief ?  
 The king of kings took mercy on a thief !  
 So may my gracious king, in mercy, save me,  
 Although grim death and law do thus out-brave me.  
 God is his precedent, and men shall see  
 His mercy is beyond severity.”

He was condemned, with others, his associates ;  
 but pardoned, at the intercession of the queen : in  
 grateful return for which benignity, he addressed  
 these not-inelegant lines.

*“ To her never to be equalled Majesty, the Queen of  
 Great Britain, &c.*

Honour's store-house, virtue's story,  
 Fame's best trophy, nature's glory !  
 O may, with moss, the muses' flood  
 Be overgrown, damm'd up with mud ;  
 All their holy hills polluted,  
 And their oracles confuted,  
 If that they strain not all they may,  
 Now their best vows to you to pay ;  
 And hoarse as ravens may they sing,  
 Who dare neglect their offering ;  
 Or find a subject for a verse,  
 That any meaner worths rehearse !  
 You the true story are, and all  
 That's rich, fair, sweet, majestic ;

The



The fullest wonder of our time,  
 For chronicles, in prose or rhyme;  
 And, like the rosy morn, do bless  
 Our drooping land with chearfulness;  
 Throwing your bounties every where,  
 As fresh and fragrant as the air:  
 The woodbines, and the violet,  
 The season of the year forget,  
 And, to attend your sweetness, do  
 Grow every where you tread, or go.  
 I, in the autumn of my life,  
 When guilt and justice were at strife,  
 Was, by your royal breath, (strange thing!)  
 Unwither'd, turn'd into my spring  
 Accept this sacrifice, great queen,  
 In which no merit can be seen,  
 But that your royal name do bless  
 My muse in her unworthiness.  
 And, though no lustre crown my art,  
 Holy fire inspires my heart.  
 Obedience, duty, zeal, attend  
 The faithful tribute that I send.  
 So the gods accept of, still,  
 Not the offering, but the will.

*Celuy qui plus Honor vos Vertus,  
 Et admire vostre Bonte, Et Clemence,  
 Et qui est le plus oblige a vostre  
 Majeste,*

JEHAN CLAVILL."

He

He remained, however, a considerable time in confinement; during which, he addressed a copy of verses to the king, praying for his liberty, with this promised resolution, on receiving it.

“ ————— I do intend,  
Whilst these your wars endure, even there to spend  
My time, in that brave service.”

After he had regained his liberty, he addressed the following lines

*“ To his honoured Friend, his ever dear and well  
approved good Uncle, Sir William Clavell, Knight  
Banneret.*

Your hidden purposes, grave sir, that rest  
Within the secret closet of your breast,  
Have like predomination with my fate;  
I shall be happy, or unfortunate,  
As they assign me: you may justly take  
A fair occasion, now, both to forsake,  
And utterly renounce me; but, behold,  
My God above (whose secrets are untold;  
All things on earth, as he thinks best, decreeing,  
What will my future actions be, foreseeing.)  
Hath lent me life and mercy, by my king,  
Who is his substitute in every thing.  
Since, then, their doom is past, Oh! let not me,  
Be new arraign'd by your severity.  
Forget my foul offences, me and all,  
Until some brave and noble actions shall

Bring

Bring you a-new acquainted. If again  
I ever take a course that shall be vain,  
Or, if of any ill I faulty be,  
O then, for ever, disinherit me.

*Your right sorrowful Nephew,*

JOHN CLAVELL.

These, and the foregoing verses, with many other addressees, in prose and verse, to the king, nobility, judges, magistrates, clergy, &c. are prefixed to a poem of considerable length, written by him, during his confinement, of which the following is the title.

*“A Recantation of an ill-led Life: Or, a Discovery of the Highway Law. With vehement Dissuasions to all (in that kind) Offenders. As also, many cautelous Admonitions, and full Instructions how to know, shunne, and apprehend a Thiefe. Most necessary for all honest Travellers to peruse, observe, and practise.”*

The preface to which, is dated

“From my lonely, sad, and unfrequented chamber, in the *King's Bench*, October. 1627.

The epistle from “The Stationer to the Buyer,” prefixed to the third edition, 4to. 1634; concludes thus—“the late, and general, false report of his (*Clavell's*) relapse, and untoward death, made me most willing, again, to publish this work of his, to let you know, he not only lives, but hath also made  
good

good all these his promises, and strict resolutions; infomuch, that it is become very disputable amongst wise men, whether they should more admire his former ill ways, or his now most singular reformation, whereat no man outjoys his friend, and your's,

RICHARD MEIGHEN."

The following extract from *Clavell's* preface to his "*Recantation*," while it serves as a specimen of his prose, will account to the reader for his writing and publishing it.

"The liveliest and best monuments of men, are their actions, and in those, their memories either die before them, in infancy, or survive them unto the farthest extent of perpetuity, in the fullest and fairest registers of time and glory; both of these retain their subsistences, not in the brazen leaves of sepulchres, nor in the tongue-failing relation of succession; but in those paper records, which seldom forfeit them to loss, although assaulted by never so many alterations: as the stories from the first world, as well prophane, as divine, may wonderfully witness to all observers. This truth may question my discretion, that have made mine own hand the character of such actions as posterity will blush at; whose memory might easily have lost the thoughts  
of



of men in less than half an age, if thus I had not given it continuance, as lasting as the world. It is confessed, in respect of myself, the answer is difficult; but, in respect of God, the world, and mine own conscience, I could contrive no fairer, or more real satisfaction. The sins of the dearest children of God have had their like punishments; *David's* murder and adultery must have *David's* written confession and contrition; *Solomon's* lasciviousness must have his own acknowledgment and recantation; and, to conclude, he that is ashamed to confess the ills that he has been conscious of, argues too palpably that he is a great many leagues from repentance; and is more in love with his sin, than his amendment. Believe in charity, this is my resolution; that mine own free detection of this pernicious and common vice, might not only kill the fear of my impossible relapses, but be a just deterrer of all the worshippers of this course; whilst I shall be happy to be either censured, or forgotten, by them for whose amendment I owe my prayers; and will religiously invoke, that they may either become new men, like me, or else, that they may know my resolution hath built me beyond the aspersions of their poisons."

It is apparent that this man merited the favour he received; and, probably, performed gallant service

E

to

to his merciful Prince: may no stain, therefore, remain upon his memory, for his former misdeeds; but, rather, may he be held up to the frail part of posterity, as an example worthy every ill-man's imitation.

We read of strange effects which the violent death of *Charles the First* had upon many of his adherents, and well-wishers; if *Clavell* survived his sovereign, what must have been his feelings, when he knew *the Saviour of his life wanted that mercy, he had formerly shewn to him!*







*M. Laurens ad vivum del.*

*W. P. Taylor sculp.*

# *Colly Molly Puff*

*Published as the Act directs Sep<sup>r</sup> 21. 1792. by J. Gaultfield, London.*



## COLLY MOLLY PUFF.

“THIS little man,” Granger says, “who had nothing at all striking in his appearance, and was but just able to support the basket of pastry, which he carried upon his head, sung, in a very peculiar tone, the cant words which passed into his name.”

The Spectator, No. 25, informs us that he was called COLLY MOLLY PUFF.

“This singularity,” Granger adds, “was very advantageous to him, as it rendered him one of the most noted of the Cries of London.”

Of this humble creature, who, in the reign of James II. was “*crawling between heaven and earth*”; nothing more than the above is any where recorded.

At almost every different period, some such peculiar itinerant, has become remarkable in the streets of London; the very existence of many of whom is now utterly unknown; two or three, not yet quite forgotten, may, by the following account, be snatched from absolute oblivion.

Upwards of forty years since, a miserable wretch, per-ambulated this metropolis, to purchase "*shreds and patches*," whose cry was,

"Linen, woollen, and leather,

"Bring 'em out all together."

About the same time, or rather later, crept along a sleek-headed, whimsical, little old man, commonly called *The Wooden Poet*; from his crying wooden ware; which he carried in a basket slung round his neck, about the streets; chaunting a kind of song, in doggrel rhyme, nearly as can be recollected, as follows:

"Come, my good foul,  
Will you buy a wooden bowl?  
I am just come from the Borough,  
Will you buy a pudding-stirrer?  
I hope, I am not come too soon,  
But you may buy a wooden spoon!  
I made all the haste I was able,  
For fear you should want a good ladle;  
And if I am not come too late  
Please to buy a trencher, or a wooden-plate;  
Or, if they won't do, it's no great matter,  
So you buy of me a wooden platter.  
It may help you and me to get a dinner,  
If you buy of me a wooden skimmer.  
Come, neighbours, come, I deal just and fair;  
Come, and buy all sorts of wooden ware,

Another

Another noted Peripatetic, was the Pig-man, of whom there is a portrait extant; and who has had the honour of being imitated by several successors: his cry was,

“ A long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd pig,  
Or a pig without ever a tail;  
A fow-pig, or a boar-pig,  
Or a pig with a curly tail.  
Come buy a nice pig, and currant fauce!

The pigs were three or four inches long, composed of, what is termed, standing crust; baked, with currant fauce in the belly.

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A singular cry of an equestrian is recollected to have been heard between thirty and forty years since.

A rustic, mounted on a white hobby, with a basket on one arm, used to invade the North parlious of London, mumbling, “ *Holloway Cheesecakes!*” which, from his mode of utterance, sounded like, *All my Teeth ake!* But the most similar itinerant to *Colly-Molly-Puff*, was a noted vender of gingerbread, at Bartholomew, Southwark, and other fairs, about the period already adverted to; he was called *Tiddy-Doll*, because, to collect his customers around his basket, he used to chaunt a song, in which  
scarcely

scarcely any thing was articulated, but the cant expression, "*Tiddy-Doll*:" he used to wear a high cock'd hat and feather; with a broad scollop'd gold lace on it; and had the honour, like the pig-man, of being imitated by succeeding venders of gingerbread.

These, and other cries, used to be so much noticed, that SHUTER, the most luxuriant comedian of his time, frequently entertained the audience on his benefit nights, with an admirable imitation of them; which were stiled in the play-bills "*THE CRIES OF LONDON*."

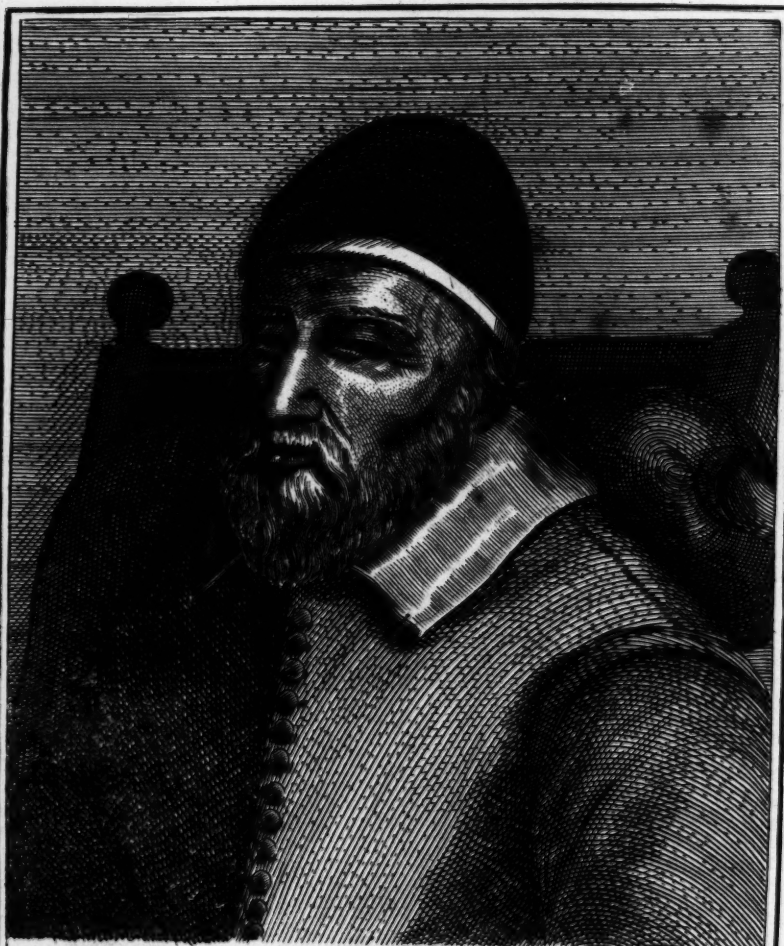
" Let not Ambition mock their usefull toil,  
Their homely *songs*, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor!"

GRAY.









*The Olde Old very Olde Man or Thomas Parr, the  
Sonne of Iohn Parr of Winnington in the Parish of Alberbury  
In the County of Shropshire who was Borne in 1483 in  
The Raigne of King Edward the 4<sup>th</sup> and is now living in  
The Strand, being aged 152 yeares and odd Monthes 1635*

## THOMAS PAR, OR PARR.

THOMAS PAR, or PARR, was one of the oldest post-diluvians, of whom we have any authentic account. In the year 1635, *John Taylor*, commonly called *The Water Poet*, from his being bred a Waterman, on the river Thames, wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "The Olde, Old, Very Olde Man: Or, The Age, and Long Life of *Thomas Par*, The Sonne of *John Parr*, of *Winnington*, in the Parish of *Alberbury*, in the County of *Salopp*; (or *Shropshire*) who was born in the reign of King *Edward* the IVth. and is now living in the *Strand*, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to *London* about the end of *September* last, 1635."

Instead of fabricating any new and supposititious matter, some extracts from this scarce tract, which is in both prose and rhyme, will, it is apprehended, be more satisfactory.

"The Right Honorable, *Thomas Earl of Arundell* and *Surrey*, Earl Marshal of *England*, &c. being lately

lately in *Shropshire* to visit some lands and manors, which his Lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance, the report of this aged man was certified to his honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innated noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses, (for the more easie carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter in-law of his (named *Lucye*) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and (to cheere up the Olde Man, and make him merry) there was an antique-faced fellow, called *Jacke*, or *John the Foole*, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journies, the charges being allowed by his Lordship; and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named *Brian Kelley*, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expences; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

“ *Winnington* is a hamlet in the parish of *Alberbury*, neere a place called the *Welsh Poole*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury*; from whence he was carried to  
*Wim,*



*Wim*, a towne of the Earle's aforesaid; and the next day to *Shefnall*, (a mannour house of his Lordship's) where they likewise staid one night; from *Shefnall* they came to *Woolverhampton*, and the next day to *Brimicham*, from thence to *Coventry*, and although Master *Kelley* had much to do, to keepe the people off that pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at *Coventry* he was most oppressed: for they came in such multitudes to see the Olde Man, that those who defended him, were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifeled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that *Bryan* was in doubt hee should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.)

The trouble being over, the next day they passed to *Daventry*, to *Stony Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and so to *London*, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his Lordship."

*Taylor's* verses afterwards say, that " *John Parr*,  
(a man that lived by husbandry)

Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and borne was hee  
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty three.  
And as his father's living and his trade,  
Was plough and cart, scithe, sickle, bill and spade;

F

The

The harrow, mattock, flayle, rake, fork, and goad,  
 And whip, and how to load, and to unload;  
 Olde *Tom* hath shew'd himself the son of *John*,  
 And from his father's function has not gone."

And farther, that

"*Tom Parr* hath liv'd, as by record appeares,  
 Nine monthes, one hundred fifty, and two yeares.  
 For by records, and true certificate,  
 From *Shropshire* late, relations doth relate,  
 That hee lived seventeen years with *John* his father,  
 And eighteen with a master, which I gather  
 To be full thirty-five; his Sire's decease  
 Lest him foure yeares possession of a lease;  
 Which past, *Lewis Porter* gentleman, did then  
 For twenty-one years grant his lease agen;  
 That lease expir'd, the son of *Lewis*, called *John*,  
 Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,  
 Then *Hugh*, the son of *John*, (last nam'd before)  
 For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.  
 And lastly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh's* son,  
 A lease for's life these fifty years out-run;  
 And 'till Olde *Thomas Parr*, to earth againe,  
 Returne, the last lease must his owne remaine."

*Taylor* relates the following anecdote of *Olde Parr's* craft in endeavouring to over-reach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three yeares being expired, hee tooke his last lease of his landlord, (one Master *John Porter*) for his life, with which lease, hee hath lived more than fifty yeares; but this Olde  
 Man

Man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore *Old Parr*, (having beene long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master *Edward Porter*, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, husband, our young land-lord is coming hither. Is he so? said *Old Parr*, I prithee wife lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe, which she did, and when Master *Porter*, (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old man said, wife, is not that a pin which lyes at my foot? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a pin indeede, so she tooke up the pin, and Master *Porter* was half in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than hee was, because hee hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

Of his wives *Taylor's* verses speak as follows.

" A tedious time a Batchelour hee tarried,  
Full eightie years of age before hee married:  
His continence to question I'll not call,  
Man's frailtie's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.  
No doubt but hee in fourscore years might find,  
In *Salop's* Countie, females fair and kind:

F 2

But

But what have I to doe with that ; let passe,  
 At th' age aforefaid hee first married was  
 To *Jane*, *John Taylor's* daughter ; and 'tis faid,  
 That she (before hee had her) was a mayd.  
 With her hee liv'd yeares three times ten and two,  
 And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)  
 She dead, hee ten yeares did a widdower stay,  
 Then once more ventred in the wedlock way :  
 And in affection to his first wife *Jane*,  
 Hee tooke another of that name againe:  
 (With whome hee now doth live) she was a widow  
 To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda*)  
 She was (as by report it doth appeare)  
 Of *Gillfel's* parish, in *Montgom'ry-shiere*,  
 The daughter of *John Iloyde* corruptly *Flood*)  
 Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* blood.)"

Of *Parr's* issue, *Taylor* says, in plain prose, " Hee hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter ; the boyes name was *John*, and lived but ten weekes, the girle was named *Joan*, and she lived but three weekes."

A story of an illicit amour Old *Thomas* was punished for, is thus verified by *Taylor*.

" ————— In's first wives time.

Hee frayly, foully, fell into a crime,  
 Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,  
 More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger  
 Have false into. —————

For from the Emp'rour to the russet clown,  
 All states, each sex, from cottage to the Crowne,

Have



Have in all ages since the first creation,  
Bin foyld, and overthrown with love's temptation:  
So was Old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy  
A beauty, and love entred at his eye;  
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,  
Consent drew action; action drew content;  
But when the period of those joys were past,  
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.  
Faire *Katherin Milton* was this beauty bright,  
(Faire like an angell, but in weight too light)  
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far,  
The ardent fervour of Old *Thomas Parr*,  
That for lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,  
Hee should be purg'd, by standing in a sheet;  
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,  
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did weare.  
Should all that so offend such pennaunce doe,  
Oh, what a price would linnen rise unto:  
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts and smocks,  
Our table linen, very Porters frocks  
Would hardly 'scape transforming."

Mr. *Granger*, in his *Biographical History of England*, says, that

"At an hundred and twenty he married Catharine Milton, his second wife, whom he got with child; and was, after that æra of his life, employed in threshing, and other husbandry work. When he was about an hundred and fifty two years of age, he was brought up to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The king [Charles I.] said

said to him, "you have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, "I did penance when I was an hundred years old."

*Taylor* thus describes him in the last stage of life.

"————— His limbs their strength have left,  
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,  
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,  
Small solace, Imperfections manifold :  
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall trunk,  
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk ;  
But that his hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,  
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.  
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry ;  
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry ;  
Loves company, and understanding talke,  
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.  
And, though old age his face with wrinckles fill,  
Hee hath been handsome, and is comely still ;  
Well fac'd ; and though his beard not oft corrected,  
Yet neate it growes, not like a beard neglected.  
From head to heele, his body hath all over  
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

*Taylor* concludes his prose account of this phenomenon, by saying, "that it appears hee hath out-lived the most part of the people near there, [*Alberbury*] three times over."

*Granger* says he died November, 1635.





*M. Lauron ad vivum del.*

*W. J. Taylor sculp.*

*Oliver Cromwell's Porter*

*Published by I. Caulfield 1793*



## OLIVER CROMWELL's PORTER.

THE surname of this man is not recorded; his Christian name was *Daniel*: he was one of that class of mankind, vulgarly termed giants; in the language of common sense, he was remarkably tall; which perhaps, was the reason for his being selected as porter to the Protector; it having been the fashion, in the preceding reigns, to have beings of such magnitude attending the royal gates. *Oliver*, it may be presumed, affected this customary appendage of royalty. The measurement of his height is preserved by a large O, on the back of the terrace, at Windsor-Castle. "Like master like man," was, in one trait of character, verified in *Oliver* and *Daniel*; the latter having imbibed no small portion of the pious cant of Cromwell.

Mr. *Granger* says that he was a plodder in books of divinity, especially in those of the mystically kind, which are supposed to have turned his brain. He was many years in Bedlam, where his library was, after some time, allowed him; as there was not the least probability of his cure, The most conspicuous

cuous of his books was a large bible, given him by *Nell Gwinn*. (a woman who appears to have possessed almost every virtue, excepting that of chastity.) He frequently preached, and sometimes prophesied; and was said to have foretold several remarkable events; particularly the fire of London. Mr. Charles Leslie (in the *Snake in the Grass*, edit. 1698, p. 330) tells us, that people often went to hear him preach, and would sit many hours under his window with great signs of devotion. That gentleman had the curiosity to ask a grave matron, who was among his auditors, what she could profit by hearing that madman? She, with a composed countenance, as pitying his ignorance, replied, that Festus thought Paul was mad.

Subjoined to the above is the following excellent note, which, coming from the pen of a divine, should have the greater weight.

“ The gloom which religion too often spreads over the human mind, is generally the effect of narrow conceptions of the Deity; *whose mercy is over all his works*. This has frequently filled the cells of Bedlam, and St. Luke’s Hospital, with the most wretched of all patients. To represent the best of Beings, as the worst of tyrants, which some religionists have done, drives men, of melancholy tempers, directly to despair, and is worse, in effect, than Atheism itself.”





*Published 1793. by I. Caulfield. London*



## CAPTAIN MORGAN.

CAPTAIN MORGAN, commonly called Sir Henry Morgan, the most infamous of all pirates, was the son of a substantial yeoman in Wales. His inclination leading him early to the sea, he entered into the service of a master of a vessel bound for Barbadoes, who treacherously sold him soon after he landed on that shore. When he had obtained his liberty, he went to Jamaica to seek his fortune. Here he fell in with some free-booters, and entered on board one of their ships; and having displayed his courage on several occasions, he in a short time, became a Captain. He was afterwards Vice-Admiral, under Mansvelt, an old pirate of prime notoriety, who died soon after he engaged himself in his service. If the courage of Morgan had been properly directed, it would have done him the greatest honour: it was, perhaps, not inferior to that of Monck or Rupert; and several of his stratagems were as extraordinary as his courage. But he was rapacious, cruel, and debauched, in the same degree that he was valiant. The cruelties exercised

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on the Indians by the Spaniards, were not equal to what that people suffered by his orders, to make them discover their hidden treasures, after he had taken and plundered their towns. The greatest of his exploits was taking Panama; which he burnt and pillaged, after he had, with twelve hundred men, defeated the governor, at the head of two squadrons of horse, four regiments of foot, and a great number of wild bulls, driven by Indian slaves\*. One hundred and seventy-five beasts of burden were laden with the gold, silver, and other valuables which he took in that city. See a circumstantial account of him in the "History of the Buccaneers."

\* A little before his expedition to Panama, he settled the following rewards for his men, which were to be paid out of his first spoil: For the loss of both legs, fifteen hundred pieces of eight; or, fifteen slaves. For the loss of both hands, eighteen hundred pieces; or, eighteen slaves. For one leg, or one hand, six hundred pieces; or, six slaves. And for an eye, one hundred pieces; or, one slave.







*M. Laurens ad vivum del.*

*G. Barrett sculp.*

*M.<sup>rs</sup> Creswell.*

*Published by J. Galsworthy 1773.*



Mrs. C R E S W E L.

THIS infamous woman was, from the natural effects of prostitution in her youth, far advanced in the decline, before she arrived at the meridian of her life. Her great experience, in her former occupation, qualified her for a procuress; and she soon became an adept in all the diabolical arts of seduction. She lived in town in the winter; and sometimes retired into the country, where she provided convenient lodgings for her customers; some of whom were persons of distinction. Though she appeared in her real character in the stews, she could assume a very decent behaviour, upon proper occasions; and frequently decoyed young unsuspecting girls to London, in hopes of preferment. She kept a very extensive correspondence, and was by her spies and emissaries, informed of the rising beauties in different parts of the kingdom. The trade which she professed was, perhaps, carried to a greater height at this period than any other. This is plainly hinted at by a man of wit and pleasure, who sometimes dealt with her:

“ To an exact perfection they have brought

“ The action love, the passion is forgot †.”

† She desired, by *will*, to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have ten pounds; but upon this express

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condition,

Mother Rofs, Mother Bennet, Mother Moseley, and Mother Beaulie ||, flourished, or rather decayed, in this reign; but of these matrons we have no portraits. Nor have we any of Mother Needham, Mother Rawlins of Deptford, Mother Douglass, Mother Eastmead, Mother Ph-l-ps, and several other Mother Strumpets, who deserve to be remembered as well as Mother Crefwell.

condition, that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. A preacher was, with some difficulty, found, who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded with saying, *By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was well of her.* All that I shall say of her therefore is this. She was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of *Cref-well*, she lived in *Clerken-well*, and she died in *Bride-well*.

Dr. Fuller, in his "Appeal of Injured Innocence," (part iii. p. 5.) tells us, that "When one was to preach the funeral of a most vicious and generally hated person, all wondered what he would say in his praise; the preacher's friends fearing, his foes hoping, that, for his fee, he would force his conscience to flattery. For one thing, said the minister, this man is to be spoken well of by all; and, for another thing, he is to be spoken ill of by none. The first is, because God made him; the second, because he is dead."

|| Betty Beaulie, a bawd of figure, lived in Durham Yard, in the Strand. Charles Maurice Tellier, Archbishop and Duke of Rheims, who came to England, together with Crequi, to treat concerning a marriage of the Dauphin with the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, is said to have gone to her house.





OLD SCARLET  
*Sexton of Peterborough Cathedral*

*Published by I. Cantfield 1793*



## O L D S C A R L E T.

AT the West end of the Cathedral of Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, hangs a portrait of Old Scarlet, formerly Sexton of that church, copied from a more ancient painting, destroyed by time and damp; the fragments of which are still remaining. He is drawn at full length, having about him the insignia of his office, such as the mattock, spade, &c. Under the picture are the following verses, likewise hanging up against the wall.

You see Old Scarlet's Picture stand on hie,  
But at your feet, there doth his bodie lie;  
His grave-stone doth his age and death-time shewe,  
His office, by his tokens, you may know:  
Second to none for strength, and sturdye limm,  
A scare-babe mighty voice, with visage grim.  
Hee had enterr'd § two queens within this place,  
And this townes house-holders in his lives space

§ Catherine, divorced by Henry VIII. and Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards removed to Windsor.

Twice

Twice over: but at length his owne turne came,  
What he for others did, for him the fame  
Was done: no doubt his foul doth live, for aye  
In heaven; though here his body's clad in clay.

On a square stone below.

July 2, 1594.

R S.

Ætatis 98.







**MR MILES PRANCE**

*Discoverer of the Popish Plot  
and of the Murderers of Sir E. B. Godfrey*

*Published by I. Caulfield 1793*



## M I L E S P R A N C E.

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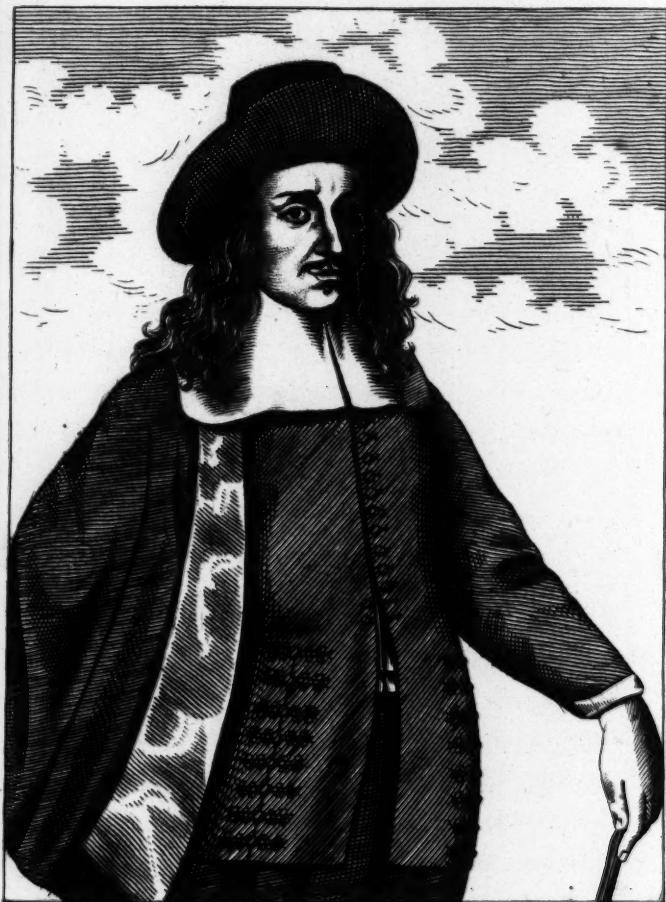
**I**T appears that Prance, being Goldsmith to the Queen, was persuaded to assist in the murder of Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey, by Father Lewson a Priest, and one Philibert Verneti, belonging to the Lord Bellasis; who, at the Plough alehouse, by the Water-gate, Somerset House, on a Sunday, after they came from chapel, told Prance that Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey was a bitter Persecutor of the Catholics; and a particular enemy to her Majesty's servants, of whom he, Prance, was one; and informed him that, over and above the good service he would do the Catholick cause, he would have a considerable reward from the Lord Bellasis.

Prance's station was, to watch that nobody came in at the Water-gate of Somerset House; while Hill, Girald, Green, and Kelly, undertook to strangle Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey; which they effected by means of a twisted handkerchief, that Green suddenly threw about his neck. Prance, and Girald, afterwards carried the body out of the great gate of Somerset House, in a sedan chair; Berry, the

the Porter, having invited the Sentinels into his lodge to drink. He was accused by one Wren, and also by Bedloe, of being an accomplice in the above murder. This he, at first, strenuously denied; but he was said to be so powerfully wrought upon by the Earl of Shaftesbury, as not only to confess himself guilty, but also to accuse two Popish Priests; together with Green, Berry, and Hill, of being concerned in the same crime. His testimony was, in some instances, contradictory to Bedloe's, and even to itself. He was tried, and convicted of perjury; but having retracted his evidence in several particulars relative to the plot, his punishment was remitted. It is remarkable that Mr. L'Estrange, who had been accused by him of secret disaffection to the government, received the sacrament presently after him, from the hands of Dr. Sharpe, Rector of St. Giles's in the Fields; and solemnly declared before the congregation, "that he wished it might be his damnation, if what that man had sworn, or published, concerning him, was not totally and absolutely false." Prance, though challenged in this solemn manner, did not speak a word in his own vindication.







*Turner , soe famous for his shifting arts ,  
Pragmatick buslings , turns , and Protean parts  
Through City , Camp , and Country , to the State  
Tooke his last turn from y<sup>e</sup> full swing of ffate .*

*From a Rare Print in the Collection of James Bindley Esq.*



## COLONEL JAMES TURNER.

THIS gentleman was born in the city of Worcester, in the year 1609, of very wealthy parents, who placed him with a goldsmith of reputation in London, as soon as of years for a trade. With this man he served his apprenticeship very faithfully, and had the character of being a young man well qualified for business. When his father thought proper to put him into trade for himself, he gave him a stock of no less than three thousand pounds, to which he soon added two thousand pounds more by marriage. He had great success in business for some years, and was esteemed the wealthiest man in his neighbourhood, so that his word would have passed for almost any sum.—Mr. Turner had always a considerable inclination for pleasure and company, taking peculiar delight in associating himself with the gentlemen who were officers of the City Militia. Among these he was complimented with a Captain's commission, then a Major's, then a Lieutenant Colonel's, and, at last with the command of one of the regiments; in which he continued till the unhappy

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action, that brought him to his end, was discovered, to the surprize of all the world.

The Colonel's temper was very generous and noble; which, it is thought, in some measure brought on him that decay of his fortune, which he afterwards laboured under. In his post, particularly when he marched out with his regiment, he was very liberal in his entertainments; and commonly run himself to four times the expence that was necessary. It was the same on every other occasion; no man was more free with his money, or more ambitious of living in splendor and reputation, than Colonel Turner. This disposition had with him the same effect, as it commonly has with others, who ruin themselves by their generosity. He had no notion of retrenching his expences, when he perceived his substance waste, but was resolved to support himself with the same pomp as usual, however he came by the money. It was easy for such a man to commit a great many secret actions, that were in themselves dishonourable, before he lost his character, on account of his great business. Several of these things discovered themselves after he was convicted, which even the persons that were wronged did not suspect before. One instance in particular will be well worth relating, and was as follows. He applied himself one day to a merchant, and bought of him

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as much train oil, and rice, as came to three hundred and sixty pounds; which he promised to pay for as soon as the goods were delivered. Accordingly the day after he went to the merchant's house, and gave him the full sum, in money and notes, for which the merchant wrote a receipt, while it lay on the desk. Two of Turner's accomplices, (for he made use of assistants) came just at this time, and pretended some urgent business with the merchant; and, in short, played their part so well, that one of them got off, with the greatest part of Turner's payment, while the other kept the innocent man in discourse; neither of them took any more notice of the Colonel than if they had not known him; nor did the merchant imagine he had any concern in the matter, till he was found guilty for another crime, of which take this short account. There was one Mr. Francis Tryon, a great merchant, who lived in Lime Street, whom Colonel Turner knew to be very rich; in order to rob this man, one of the aforementioned fellows conveyed himself into his cellar, in the dusk of the evening; and, as soon as Mr. Tryon was a-bed, and, as he thought, asleep, he let the Colonel in at the door; they went up together, to his bed chamber, bound him, gagged him, and used him in a very barbarous manner; and then, going into his warehouse, they took from thence a

large quantity of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, &c. which Turner knew where to find. Then they took all the money in the house, which amounted to a very large sum: so that the whole booty was asserted to be the value of five thousand, nine hundred and forty six pounds, four shillings, and three-pence. They made off with all this quietly; Mr. Tryon had a man and a maid servant, but they both lay abroad this night by permission; of which the Colonel had before received information. Strict enquiry was made after the thieves, and all such jewels as were remarkable were particularly described, while Turner thought himself secure in his character, which had so long screened him. But some of the things described were seen in his house; and the discoverers were resolved to examine further. Whereupon the Colonel, his wife, and his three sons, John, William, and Ely, were apprehended; and, upon search, almost all the jewels were found. There was now no room for evasion. The whole family were carried before Sir Thomas Allen, Knight, and Alderman, and all committed to Newgate. At the next sessions they were all indicted for the said robbery, but after a full examination of what evidence they had, and considering what the Colonel himself said in his defence, it was thought proper by the court, to acquit the wife and sons, and to bring the Colonel in guilty.



guilty.—Whereupon the usual sentence of death<sup>h</sup> was passed upon him, and executed on the 21st of January, 1662-3; when he was drawn in a cart from Newgate, to the end of Leadenhall-street, and there hanged on a gibbet erected for that purpose, being fifty-three years old. The Colonel left a paper behind him, full of expressions of piety and contrition, too long to be inserted here\*.

We would only observe, that though all who knew him wondered at the fact, yet every one believed him guilty; because the proofs were so clear. There was a robbery in his life-time, which nobody could then find out; but, after his death, it was generally thought he was the manager. A letter was sent to a wealthy dealer at Chichester, signed with the name of a merchant, his acquaintance in London, informing him of a profitable purchase in his way, and inviting him to town. The Chichester man had before received advices of this kind, from the same friend, and found them of service; there-

\* He desired the minister who attended, to read to him the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th verses of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He left forty Shillings to be distributed among the poor of the parish where he suffered, and eighteen shillings and sixpence only to his wife.

This note is taken by Granger, from a relation that I have not as yet seen.

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fore scrupled not, but set out the next day, with what money and notes he had in the house; but before he got half way to London, he was robbed of all by two men in disguise; he soon found his correspondent had not sent to him, and was astonished. Colonel Turner's death cleared all; he knowing both their circumstances.







*M. Lauson ad vivum del.*

*G. Walker sculp.*

*John Kelsey.*

*Published by T. Sautfield 1793.*



## JOHN KELSEY.

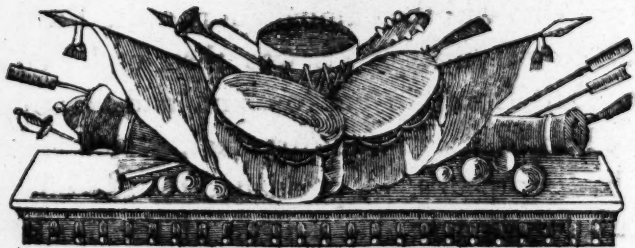
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JOHN KELSEY went to Constantinople, upon no less a design than that of converting the Grand Signor. He preached at the corner of one of the streets of that city, with all the vehemence of a fanatic; but, as he spoke in his own language, the people stared at him, yet could not so much as guess at the drift of his discourse. They soon concluded him to be out of his senses, and carried him to a madhouse, where he was confined for the space of six months. One of the keepers happening to hear him speak the word *English*, informed Lord Winchelsea, who was then ambassador to the Porte, that a mad countryman of his was then under confinement. His Lordship sent for him, and he appeared before him in a torn and dirty hat, which he could not, by any means, be persuaded to take off. The ambassador thought that a little of the Turkish discipline would be of service to him, and presently ordered him to be drubbed upon the feet. This occasioned a total change in his behaviour, and he

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acknowledged that the drubbing had a *good effect upon his spirit*. Upon searching his pockets a letter was found addressed to the Great Turk; in which he told him, that he was a scourge in the hand of God to chastise the wicked; and that he sent him not only to denounce, but to execute vengeance. He was put on board a ship bound for England, but found means to escape in his passage, and returned to Constantinople. He was very soon after sent on board another ship, and so effectually secured, that he could not make a second escape.\*

\* See the Life of Sir Dudley North.







SIMON FORMAN.

*Published by J. Caulfield 1793.*



## DOCTOR SIMON FORMAN.

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*The best Account of this pretended Philosopher is to be found in the Life of Lilly, a Fellow-labourer in the Vineyard of Knavery, and is as follows :*

WHEN my mistress died, she had under her arm-hole a small scarlet bag full of many things, which, one that was there delivered unto me. There was in this bag several figils, some of Jupiter in Trine, others of the nature of Venus, some of iron, and one of gold, of pure angel-gold, of the bigness of a thirty-three shilling piece of King James's coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven, *Vicit Leo de tribu Judæ Tetragrammaton* †, within the middle there was engraven an holy lamb. In the other circumference there was Amraphel and three †. In the middle, *Sanctus Petrus, Alpha* and *Omega*.\*

\* The occasion of framing this figil was thus ; her former husband travelling into Suffex, happening to lodge in an inn, and to lie in a chamber thereof ; wherein, not many months before, a country grazier had lain, and in the night cut his own throat ; after

He was a chandler's son in the city of Westminster. He travelled into Holland for a month in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences; as also in physic, taking his degree of Doctor beyond seas: being sufficiently furnished and instructed with what he desired, he returned into England, towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and flourished until that year of King James, wherein the Countess of Essex the Earl of Somerset, and Sir Thomas Overbury's matters were questioned. He lived in Lambeth with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was charitable. He was a person that in horary questions, (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his master-piece. In resolving

this night's lodging he was perpetually, and for many years followed by a spirit; which, vocally and articulately, provoked him to cut his throat; he was used frequently to say, 'I defy thee, I defy thee,' and to spit at the spirit; this spirit followed him many years, he not making any body acquainted with it; at last he grew melancholy and discontented, which being carefully observed by his wife, she many times hearing him pronounce, I defy thee, &c. she desired him to acquaint her with the cause of his distemper, which he then did. Away she went to Dr. Simon Forman, who lived then in Lambeth, and acquaints him with it; who having framed this sigil, and hanged it about his neck, he wearing it continually until he died, was never more molested by the spirit: I sold the sigil for thirty-two shillings but transcribed the words *verbatim* as I have related,

solving questions about marriage he had good success: in other questions very moderate. He was a person of indefatigable pains. I have seen sometimes half one sheet of paper wrote of his judgment upon one question; in writing whereof he used much tautology, as you may see yourself, (most excellent Esquire) if you read a great book of Dr. Flood's, which you have, who had all that book from the manuscripts of Forman; for I have seen the same word for word in an English manuscript formerly belonging to Doctor Willoughby of Gloucestershire. Had Forman lived to have methodized his own papers, I doubt not but he would have advanced the Jatro-mathematical part thereof very compleatly; for he was very observant, and kept notes of the success of his judgments.†

† Being in bed one morning (says he) I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a Lord, Earl or Knight, &c. whereupon I set a figure; and thereupon my judgment: by which he concluded, that within two years time he should be a Lord or great man: But, says he, before the two years were expired, the Doctors put me in Newgate, and nothing came. Not long after, he was desirous to know the same things concerning his honour or greatship. Another figure was set, and that promised him to be a great Lord within one year. But he sets down, that in that year he had no preferment at all; only I became acquainted with a merchant's wife, by whom I got well. There is another figure concerning one Sir — Ayre his going into Turkey, whether it would be a good voyage or

He professed to his wife there would be much trouble about Carr and the Countess of Essex, who

not : the Doctor repeats all his astrological reasons, and musters them together, and then gave his judgment it would be a fortunate voyage. But under this figure he concludes, this proved not so, for he was taken prisoner by pirates, ere he arrived in Turkey, and lost all. He set several questions to know if he should attain the philosopher's stone, and the figures, according to his straining, did seem to signify as much ; and then he tugs upon the aspects and configurations, and elected a fit time to begin his operations ; but by-and-by, in conclusion, he adds, so the work went very forward ; but upon the  $\square$  of  $\delta$  the setting glass broke, and I lost all my pains : he sets down five or six such judgments, but still complains all came to nothing, upon the malignant aspects of  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$ . Although some of his astrological judgments did fail, more particularly those concerning himself, he being no way capable of such preferment as he ambitiously desired ; yet I shall repeat some other of his judgments, which did not fail, being performed by conference with spirits. My mistress went once unto him, to know when her husband, then in Cumberland, would return, he having promised to be at home near the time of the question ; after some consideration, he told her to this effect : Margery, for so her name was, thy husband will not be at home these eighteen days ; his kindred have vexed him, and he is come away from them in much anger ; he is now in Carlisle, and hath but three-pence in his purse. And when he came home he confessed all to be true ; and that upon leaving his kindred, he had but three-pence in his purse.

Another singular instance of him is, that one Coleman, clerk to Sir Thomas Beaumont, of Leicestershire, having had some liberal favours both from his Lady and her daughters, bragged of it, &c. The Knight brought him into the Star chamber, had his servant sentenced to be pilloried, whipped, and afterwards, during life, to be imprisoned,



frequently resorted unto him, and from whose company he would sometimes lock himself in his study a

imprisoned. The sentence was executed in London, and was to be in Leicestershire: two keepers were to convey Coleman from the Fleet to Leicester. My mistress taking consideration of Coleman, and the miseries he was to suffer, went presently to Forman, acquainted him therewith; who, after consideration, swore Coleman had lain both with mother and daughters; and besides said, that the old Lady, being afflicted with fits of the mother, called him into her chamber, to hold down the fits with his hands; and that he holding his hands about the breast, she cried, Lower, lower, and put his hands below her belly; and then——He also told my mistress in what posture he lay with the young Ladies, &c. and said, they intend in Leicester to whip him to death; but I assure thee, Margery, he shall never come there; yet they set forward to-morrow, says he; and so his two keepers did, Coleman's legs being locked with an iron chain under the horse's belly. In this nature they travelled the first and second day; on the third day the two keepers, seeing their prisoner's civility the two preceding days, did not lock his chain under the horse's belly, as formerly, but locked it only to one side. In this posture they rode some miles beyond Northampton, when, on a sudden, one of the keepers had a necessity to untruss, and so the other and Coleman stood still; by-and-by the other keeper desired Coleman to hold his horse, for he had occasion also: Coleman immediately took one of their swords, and ran through two of the horses, killing them stark dead; gets upon the other, with one of their swords; farewell gentlemen, quoth he, tell my master I have no mind to be whipped in Leicestershire, and so went his way. The two keepers, in all haste, went to a gentleman's house near at hand, complaining of their misfortune, and desired of him to pursue their prisoner, which he, with much civility granted; but ere the horses could

whole day. Now we come to his death, which happened as follows: the Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him that she had been informed he could resolve, whether man or wife should die first; Whether shall I (quoth she) bury you or no? Oh Trunco, for so he called her, thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it. Yea, but how long first? I shall die, said he, ere Thursday Night. Monday came, all was well. Tuesday came, he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended, he very well; he went down to the water side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle Dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying, An impost, an impost, and so died. A most sad storm of wind immediately following.

could be got ready, the mistress of the house came down, and, enquiring what the matter was, went to the stable, and commanded the horses to be unsaddled, with this sharp speech.—Let the Lady Beaumont, and her daughters live honestly; none of my horses shall go forth upon this occasion.

I could relate many such stories of his performances; as also what he wrote in a book left behind him, viz. This I made the devil write with his own hand, in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June, or July, as I now remember.





*Richard Dugdale, the Surrey Impostor.*

*Published by I. Gantfield Dec. 10. 1793.*



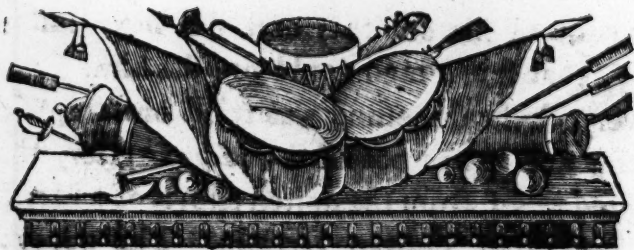
## RICHARD DUGDALE:

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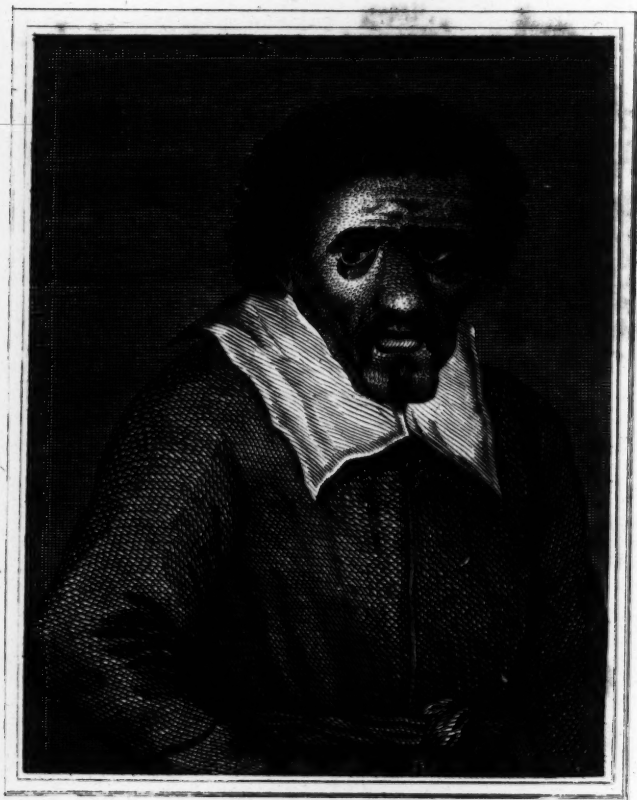
**I**N a very artful narrative, drawn up by several confederated Puritans, it appears that Richard Dugdale, by profession a Gardiner, at a merry-making, called the Rush-burying, or Rush-bearing, held on the James-tide at Whalley, in Lancashire, in the year 1688, had offered himself to the devil on condition of his becoming an expert dancer.—After which time he was dreadfully troubled with strange fits; dancing in a most uncommon manner on his knees, and in other ways, greatly superior to the most expert dancers; at which times he would be so light in weight, as to be lifted from the ground by the button of his cloaths; and the next instant so heavy, that seven men could not stir him.

Every physical method was tried on him, without success; and it was not until one year after, that he obtained relief, from the united efforts of a Mr. Jolly, and five other Puritan Divines. The account of which, together with the affidavits of many witnesses, was published, in the year 1697. in a quarto pamphlet, entitled, *The Surey Demoniack, or, The Wonder-*

*Wonderful Dealings of Satan, about the Person of Richard Dugdale, &c.* In the same year Zachary Taylor answered it in a pamphlet, called, *The Surey Impostor*, in which he most clearly proves the whole to be a cheat, and compares the story to that of William Summers, and the Boy of *Bilson*. This produced a third pamphlet, by T. Jolly, called. *A Vindication of the Surey Demoniac, as no Impostor*; which is no more than a revival of the first tract, with the addition of Richard Dugdale's Confession, sworn nine years after his being first afflicted; but the whole is too weak, in all its evidences, not to be seen through, as a contrivance to raise the reputation of the Puritans.







JOHN EVANS,  
*the All-favoured Astrologer  
of Wales.*

*Published by J. Caulfield Feb. 1. 1794.*



## JOHN EVANS.

VERY little is known of this Evans, except what is related by William Lilly, his pupil, who tells several very extraordinary stories concerning him, which are here transcribed\*: but on the whole, from the character given of him, he appears to have been more knave than fool. His countenance, which was scarcely human, seems to

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have

\* It happened on one Sunday, 1632, says Lilly, as myself and a Justice of Peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say, that such a person was a great scholar, nay so learned that he could make an almanack, which to me then was strange. One speech begot another, till, at last, he said he could bring me acquainted with one Evans, in Gunpowder-alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the Black Art. The same week after we went to see Mr. Evans; when we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, (if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he lay) he roused up himself, and, after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology; I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks; in which time I could set a figure perfectly: books he had not any, except Haly de Judiciis Astrorum, and Orri-ganus's Ephemerides; so that as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness.

have been admirably calculated to strike an awe into his superstitious consulters.

He was by birth a Welshman, a Master of Arts, and in sacred orders; he had formerly a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortune at London, being in a manner forced to fly for some offences very scandalous, committed by him in those parts where he had lately lived; for he gave judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology. He was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised, or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle browed, thick shoulders, flat nosed, full lips, down looked, black curling stiff hair, splay-footed; to give him his right, he had the most piercing judgment naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would frequently give contrary judgments, was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrellsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or other. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he principally subsisted; he understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all†: he had some arts above, and beyond astrology, for he was well  
versed

† At this time there are many pretenders to astrology, who do not understand a single astrological character, much less Greek or Latin.

versed in the nature of spirits†, and had many times used the circular way of invoking, as in the time of our familiarity he told me.

Some time before I became acquainted with him, he then living in the minories, was desired by the Lord Bothwell, and Sir Kenelm Digby, to shew them a spirit. He promised so to do: the time came, and they were all in the body of the circle, when lo, upon a sudden, after some time of invocation,

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Evans

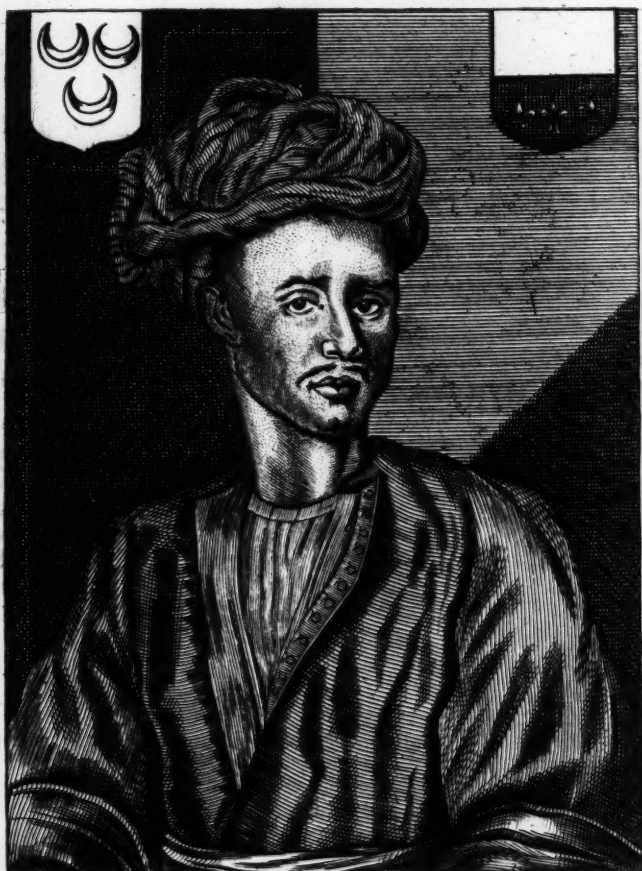
† There was in Staffordshire a young gentlewoman, that had, for her preferment, married an aged rich person, who being desirous to purchase some lands for his wife's maintainance; but this young gentlewoman, his wife, desired to buy the land in the name of a gentleman, her very dear friend, but for her use; after the aged man was dead, the widow could by no means procure the deed of purchase from her friend; whereupon she applies herself to Evans, who, for a sum of money, promises to have her deed safely delivered into her own hands: the sum was forty pounds. Evans applies himself to the invocation of the angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars, reads his Litany every day, at select hours wears his surplice, lives orderly all that time; at the fortnight's end Salmon appeared, and having received his commands what to do, in a short time returns, with the very deed desired, lays it down gently upon the table, where a white cloth was spread, and then, being dismissed, vanished. The deed was, by the gentleman, who formerly kept it, placed among many other of his evidences, in a large wooden chest, and in a chamber at one end of the house; but upon Salmon's removing, and bringing away the deed, all that bay of building was quite blown down, and all his own proper evidences torn to pieces.

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Evans was taken from out of the room, and carried into a field near Battersea Causeway, close to the Thames. Next morning a countryman going by to his labour, and spying a man in black clothes, came unto him, and awaked him, and asked him how he came there: Evans, by this, understood his condition, enquired where he was, how far from London, and in what parish he was; which, when he understood, he told the labourers he had been late at Battersea the night before, and by chance was left there by his friends, Sir Kenelm Digby and the Lord Bothwell went home without any harm, and came next day to hear what was become of him; just as they, in the afternoon, came into the house, a messenger came from Evans to his wife to come to him at Battersea. I enquired upon what account the spirit carried him away; who said, he had not, at the time of invocation, made any suffumigation, at which the spirits were vexed. It happened that after I discerned what astrology was, I went weekly into Little Britain, and bought many books of astrology, not acquainting Evans therewith. Mr. A. Bedwell, minister of Tottenham High Cross, near London, who had been many years chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, whilst he was ambassador at Venice, and assisted Peter Soave Polano, in composing and writing the Council of Trent, was lately dead, and his library sold in Little-Britain. *W. Lilly.*







Rigep Dandulo a Turke by 7. Descents (came  
into England with Abde Aga Agent from y<sup>e</sup> Illustrious  
Hamet Basha of Argier) and was here Baptized into  
y<sup>e</sup> Christian Faith by M<sup>r</sup>. GUNNING at Exeter chappel my Strand  
November 8<sup>th</sup> 1657.

## RIGEP DANDULO, A TURK,

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*Being converted to the Christian Religion, was baptized by the Name of Joseph, at Exeter-House Chapel, November the 8th, 1657.*

HE was descended from the noble family of the *Danduli* of *Venice*; some of whom had been advanced to the dignity of Doge, or Duke, of that ancient and famous Commonwealth. He was, therefore, derived from Christian ancestors, who were transplanted during the wars between the Turks and the Venetians; and, in consequence thereof, had forsaken the Christian Faith.

At the time of his conversion to Christianity, his father was a Silk Merchant, of good estate, in the island of *Tzio*, not far from *Smyrna*, a professed Turk; but his mother was a Christian.

About the sixth year of his age he was stolen by the Moors, and remained with them about nine years, during which period he visited *Grand Cairo*, in *Egypt*.

The Moor with whom he lived, offered him, when he grew up, his daughter in marriage; but his unconquerable

unconquerable desire to return home, made him forego the advantage he might have gained by such an union, and embrace the first opportunity that occurred of revisiting his parents; from whom he found at first but a cold reception, they not being able to recognize in the man the child they had lost: till on his mother demanding of him if he had a certain mole or scar on his body, which she remembered to have been on her lost child, and on his producing the same, both father and mother testified with embracings, their joy at having recovered him.

After this he was engaged in several expeditions against the Christians; and in a great Sea-fight between the Turks and the Venetians, in which the latter were victorious, narrowly escaped drowning: but having with much difficulty swam to shore, a Christian Slave, who had also just reached land, fell into his power; when, instead of making advantage of the accident, as he might have done, by delivering up the wretched creature to his master, he put his own safety to the hazard by assisting him in his escape.

At another time, whilst he was yet a Turk, compassionating the condition of a poor Christian Captive, he bargained for his redemption, at the rate of forty six dollars; of which sum he himself wanting six, he pawned his garment to make it up!

Having

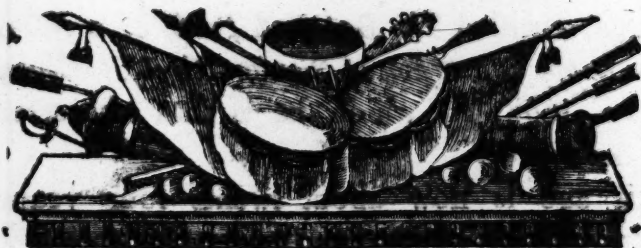


Having passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, by sea and land, in war and peace, he went to *Smyrna*, where he contracted a friendship with an English gentleman, named *Lawrence*, son to the *Lady Lawrence of Chelsea*; from *Smyrna*, he went to *Tunis*, and from *Tunis* to *Algier*: at which time an agent being dispatched thence to England, *Dandulo*, having a great desire to see this country, accompanied him hither; and on his arrival happily meeting with his quondam friend, *Lawrence*, he was introduced by him to his mother, *Lady Lawrence*, at whose house he he was hospitably entertained.

The particulars respecting his conversion to Christianity, and Baptism, are recited in a small volume, entitled *The Baptized Turk, or a Narrative of the happy Conversion of Signior Rigeſ Dandulo, &c.* octavo, 1658, in which he is thus characterized and described

His age is now about twenty four years, his stature tall, his body very slender, his colour something swarthy, and of the die of those climates wherein he hath lived; his feature comely, and his deportment very loving and courteous; he is very temperate in his diet, soberly and orderly in his conversation, of a chearful and ingenious disposition; of extraordinary understanding and knowledge for one that hath been bred up in those parts, and  
amongst

amongst those people where arts and learning are under restraints and prohibitions: he is of a pregnant wit, and of good and elegant expression; adorned with handsome rhetorical flowers and illustrations: he is one that dislikes debauchery of life, and hath complained, before his conversion, of miscarriages of that kind which he observed in some that walked under the name of Christians.







MAL CUT PURSE.

See here the Presidess o'th pilf'ring Trade  
 Mercuryes second: Venus's onely Mayd  
 Doublet and breeches in a Uniform dresse  
 the female Humurist a Kickshaw messe  
 Here no attraction that your fancy greets  
 But if her FEATURES please not read her FEATS.

London Published 1793. by J. Caulfield.



## MOLL CUT-PURSE.

**M**ARY FRITH, or Moll Cut-purse, a woman of a masculine spirit and make, who was commonly supposed to have been an hermaphrodite, practised, or was instrumental to, almost every crime, and wild frolick, which is notorious in the most abandoned, and eccentric of both sexes. She was infamous as 'as a prostitute and procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods\*; she was also concerned with a dexterous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax, upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate; but was, by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She well knew, like other robbers, in high life, how to make the

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\* She made this trade very advantageous, having acted much upon the same plan that Jonathan Wild did, in the reign of George I. keeping a correspondence with most thieves of that time; and was particularly intimate with Mull-Sack, a well-known chimney-sweeper and thief; who once left her in pawn, for a considerable tavern reckoning; from which time she dropped his acquaintance.

produce of her accumulated crimes the means of her protection, and to live luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. She died of the dropsy, in the 75th year of her age, but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco; in the frequent use of which she long indulged herself. It was, at this time, almost as rare a sight to see a woman with a pipe, as to see one of the sex in man's apparel. Nat. Field, in his comedy, called *Amends for the Ladies*, has displayed some of the *Merry Pranks of Moll Cut-purse*. She is also mentioned by Butler and Swift, in the following lines:

“ He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright  
 “ Than burnish'd armour of her Knight;  
 “ A bold Virago, stout and tall,  
 “ As *Joan of France*, or, *English Mall*.” †      *Hudibras*.

“ The ballads pasted on the wall,  
 “ Of *Joan of France*, and *English Mall*.” *Baucis and Philemon*.

† A contraction of Mary; it is still used in the West, among the common people. Hence it derived the diminutive Malkin, or Mawkin, (a kind of loose mop, made of clouts, for sweeping the oven) a term often applied to a dirty flatteringly wench; but it originally signifies no more than Little Moll.







*Published as the Act directs by I. Gaultier Nov: 1<sup>st</sup> 1793.*



## MARY CARLETON.

THIS woman, who had more *alias's* to her name than any rogue in the kingdom, was the daughter of a musician, at Canterbury. Her first husband was a shoemaker of that city, from whom she eloped, after four years cohabitation. In a year or two after her elopement, she married one Day, a Surgeon, whom she soon forsook, and went into France and Germany; where she learnt the language of those countries, and robbed and cheated several persons. Soon after her return to England, she was married to John Carleton, the son of a citizen in London, who pretended to be a nobleman.

This man, as well as many others, is said to have taken her for a German Princess\*; or, at least a woman of Quality. She was soon after tried at the Old Bailey, for bigamy, and acquitted. Upon this she published an artful vindication of herself, to which was prefixed her portrait. She was after-

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wards

\* It is extremely probable, the German Princess was the Heroine, on which Defoe founded his pleasant *History of Moll Flanders*.

wards an actress† in one of the theatres. The rest of her life is a continued course of theft, robbery, and imposture; in which, as she had a quick invention, great cunning, and an insinuating address, she was, perhaps, never exceeded.—If Mary Carleton had actually been a princess, she had parts sufficient to have thrown a kingdom into confusion; and might have done as much mischief as Catharine de Medicis did in France, or Henrietta Maria, in England.—She was executed in 1672.

† She appeared for a short time upon the *Duke's Theatre*, in *Dorset Gardens*, and once performed in a play, after her own name, the *German Princess*; there was a great concourse of people to behold her, yet she did not perform so well as was expected; but there were great applauses bestowed upon her. Every new thing being, as they say, but nine days wonder; hers was not to last many years, although it was just nine years, from her thus first acting on the stage, to her last acting at the gallows. She carried a small picture of her husband, *Carleton*, pinned on her sleeve, to *Tyburn*, and put it in her bosom. When she was going to be turned off, she requested it might be buried with her; which was complied with accordingly, at *St. Martin's*, in the Fields.







John Hawkwood.

*Published by I. Goultfield. 1793.*



## JOHN HAWKWOOD.

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NO hero had ever a greater hand in forming himself, and framing his own fortune, than Sir John Hawkwood\*. He was the son of a Tanner, at Heddingham-Sibil, in Essex, where he was born, in the reign of Edward III. He was bound apprentice to a Taylor, in London; but, being fortunately pressed into the army, was sent abroad; where his genius, which had been cramped and confined to the shop, soon expanded itself, and surmounted the narrow prejudices which adhered to his birth and occupation. He signalized himself as a soldier, in France and Italy; and particularly at Pifa, in Florence. He commanded, with great ability and success, in the army of Galeacia, Duke of Milan; and was so much in esteem with Barnabas, his brother, that he gave him Domitia, his natural daughter, in marriage, with an ample fortune. But he afterwards,

\* In an uncommon book, intituled, *The Honour of the Taylors*; or, *The Famous and Renowned History of Sir John Hawkwood, Knight*, is a recital of several worthy, magnificent, and charitable acts, of the Merchant Taylors, as they are found upon record.

wards, from motives which we cannot well account for, and that seem to reflect upon his honour, turned his arms against his father-in-law.

He died at Florence, full of years and military fame, in 1384. Having gained among the Florentines, the character of the best soldier of the age, they erected a sumptuous monument to his memory. Paul Jovius, the celebrated biographer of illustrious men, hath written his elegy. He, in the monumental inscription, and the "Elogia," is stiled Joannes Acutus; hence it is that some of our travellers have, in their journals, mentioned him under the name of John Sharp, the great Captain. See *more of him in Morant's "Effex", vol. ii. p. 387.*







JOHN BAREFOOT.

*Published by I. Gaultfield Dec. 24. 1793.*



## JOHN BAREFOOT,

LETTER-DOCTOR TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

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UPON this table you may faintly see  
A doctor, deeply skill'd in pedigree :  
To *ne plus ultra* his great fame is spread,  
Oxford a more facetious man ne'er bred ;  
He knows what arms old Adam's grandfire bore,  
And understands more coats than e'er he wore.  
So well he's vers'd in college, schools, theatre,  
You'd swear he'd married our dear *Alma Mater*.  
As he's our index, so this picture's his ;  
And, superscription like, just tells us whose 'tis.  
But the contents of his great soul and mind,  
You'll only by his conversation find.

*Ætatis suæ, 70, 1681.*

This facetious man was many years a letter-carrier in the university of Oxford. It appears from the above inscription, that his memory was extraordinary : it is asserted, from unquestionable authority\*, that his invention was 'as extraordinary as his memory. He was a coiner of what people call *white lies* ;

\* James West, Esq. who had it from the mouth of Mr. Hearne.

*lies*; and as his fictions were rather of the probable than the marvelous kind, they were sometimes verified.

John Grubb, a facetious writer of the last century, celebrates Barefoot's speed in the following lines.

Achilles of old Chiron learnt,  
The great horse for to ride;  
H' was taught by the Centaur's rational part,  
The hinnible to bestride.

Bright silver feet and shining face,  
Had this stout hero's mother;  
As rapier's silver'd at one end,  
And wounds us with the other.

Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,  
As hawk pursuing sparrow;  
Hers had the metal, his the speed,  
Of Barefoot's† silver arrow.

*Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 303.*

† From a note annexed to this poem, we are informed his picture is still at Oxford.







*Hugh Mafsey*

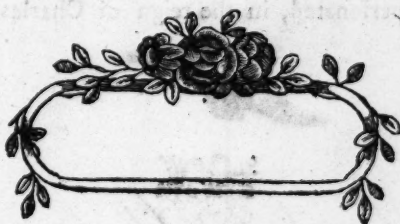
Published by T. Gaultfield 1794.



## HUGH MASSEY.

THIS fellow, who was a vile scraper, upon as vile an instrument, picked up a much better subsistence, by playing about the streets of London, than several of his brethren of the string. There are many to whom bad music is accommodated; it is no more necessary to play well, to please the ears of the common people, than it is to write well, to hit the level of their understanding.

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## HANS BULING.

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**H**ANS BULING, a Dutchman, was well known in London, as a mountebank, in this and the succeeding reign\*. He was an odd figure of a man, and was extremely fantastical in his dress.

He was generally attended by a monkey, which he trained up to act the part of a jack-pudding; a part he had formerly acted himself, and which was more natural to him, than that of a professor of physic.

\* I should also suppose, Hans Buling to be the mountebank, that Lord Rochester personated, in the reign of Charles II. on Tower Hill.





*M. Lamon ad vivum del.*

*G. Walker sculp.*

# *Hans Buling?*

*Published by J. Cundfield, July 10 1795.*









**ELIZABETH SAWYER**

*Executed in the Year 1621 for Witchcraft?*

from a Rare Print in the Collection of W Beckford Esq.

*Pub<sup>d</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup> 6 1794 by T. Gaultfield.*

## ELIZABETH SAWYER.

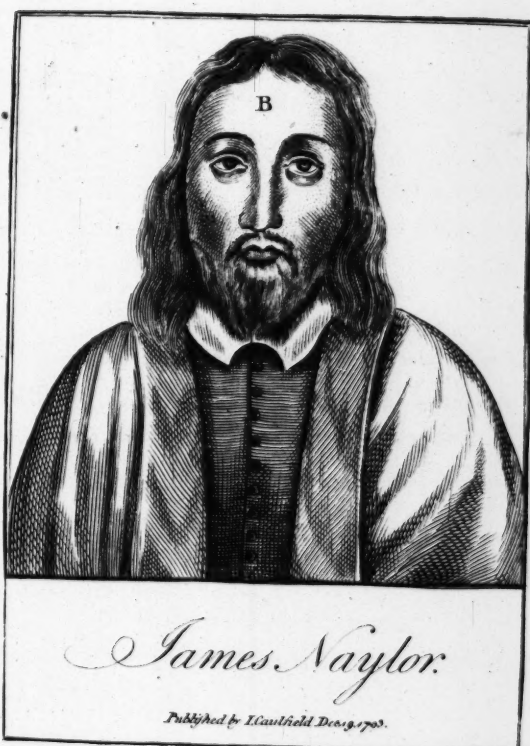
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**E**LIZABETH SAWYER was a poor woman, that in the superstitious reign of James the first, probably incurred the displeasure of some more potent neighbour; who, having no just cause of complaint to alledge against her, accused her of witchcraft; a crime that, of all others, was at this period most dreaded. Very little time was allowed between the accusation, condemnation, and death, of a suspected witch; and if a voluntary confession was wanting, they never failed extorting a forced one, by torturing the suspected person. The following title is prefixed to a quarto pamphlet, printed at London, 1621: *The Wonderfull Discoverie of Elizabeth Sawyer, a Witch, late of Edmonton; her Conviction and Condemnation, and Death; together with the Relation of the Diuel's Acceſſe to her, and their Conference together. Written by Henry Goodcole, Minister of the Word of God; and her continual Visitor in the Goale of Newgate.*

## JAMES NAYLOR.

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THIS enthusiastic visionary, who was converted to Quakerism by George Fox, was some time an admired preacher among the people of that religion. As his features bore a near resemblance to the common pictures of Christ, it struck his imagination that he was transformed into Christ himself. He presently assumed the character of the Messiah, and was acknowledged as such by his deluded followers. He affected to heal the sick, and raise the dead; and entered triumphantly into Bristol, attended by many of this sect, who strewed his way with leaves and branches of trees, crying "Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. He was pilloried, burnt through the tongue, and branded with a B in his forehead, for blasphemy, and was moreover sentenced to be whipped, and confined to hard labour. The discipline of a prison soon restored him to his senses. One of his books is entitled *Milk for Babes*, &c. written in the time of the confinement of his *Outward Man*, in prison, London, 1661. quarto.—He died at Holm, in Huntingdonshire, 1660, in the 44th year of his age.



*James Naylor.*

*Published by T. Gaultfield Dec. 9. 1703.*









**HUGH PETERS.**

*Published by J. Caulfield 1793.*

## HUGH PETERS.

**H**UGH PETERS, who was the son of a merchant, at Foy, in Cornwall, was sometime a member of Jesus College, in Cambridge; whence he is said to have been expelled for his irregular behaviour. He afterwards betook himself to the stage, where he acquired that gesticulation and buffoonery, which he practised in the pulpit. He was admitted into holy Orders by Dr. Mountaine, bishop of London; and was, for a considerable time, Lecturer of St. Sepulchre's, in that city; but being prosecuted for criminal conversation with another man's wife, he fled to Rotterdam, where he was pastor of the English Church, together with Dr. William Ames. He afterwards exercised his ministry in New England, where he continued about seven years. He was a great pretender to the saintly character, a vehement declaimer against Charles I. and one of the foremost to encourage and justify the rebellion\*.

\* When Charles was brought to London for his trial, Hugh Peters, as Sir Philip Warwick says, "was truly and really his gaoler." It is beside strongly *suspected*, that he was one of the masked executioners, and that one Hulet was the other.

## WILLIAM FULLER,

WAS the son of *Robert Fuller*, the second son of *Dr. Thomas Fuller*, and was born at *Oxford*, in the year 1634. His mother was the daughter of the honourable *Charles Herbert, Esq. of Montgomeryshire, in Wales*.

Being of an intriguing and ambitious disposition, he was guilty of many tricks and frauds, to obtain those expensive gratifications, which fortune had not enabled him to acquire honestly; the most remarkable of them was a pretended correspondence with King James the Second, after his abdication; for which he was censured by the votes of both Houses of Parliament, and ordered to be prosecuted; whereon he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced as follows.

“ That he should go to all the Courts in *Westminster*, with a paper pinned on his hat, expressing his crime; that he should stand three times in the pillory, two hours at a time, on Friday following, at *Charing Cross*; on Saturday, at *Temple Bar*; and on Monday, before the *Royal Exchange*, that he should be sent to *Bridewell* the Friday after, and there be whipt; and afterwards kept to hard labour, until the second day of the next term; and to be fined a thousand marks.”

What-



*William Fuller*

*Published by I. Cusfield 1794.*





Whatever might have been the extent of his guilt, his punishment bore pace with it; being, according to the following account, written by himself, far worse than death itself. "All this was executed; and, at my standing in the pillory, never was man amongst *Turks* or *Barbarians*, known to be worse used. I was sadly abused at *Charing Cross*; but at *Temple Bar* I was stifled with all manner of dirt, filth, and rotten eggs; and my left eye was so bruised, with a stone flung, that it swelled out of my head immediately; the blow deprived me of my senses, and I fell down and hung by the neck. Three times was I served in that kind, losing all manner of sense, though I fell down but twice; and being almost dead, I was by order taken out, but felt not my release; nor was I sensible of any thing for some hours after. I was a miserable object to behold, and hardly any that saw me thought it possible for me to survive. I was all over bruised from head to heel; and on the small of my back, as I was stooping, a stone struck me, which being taken up, was found to weigh more than six pounds. On Monday, in the city, I was more tenderly used; after having made my complaint to Sir *James Bateman*, then Sheriff."

The days of punishment were, Friday the 25th, Saturday 26th, and Monday 28th of June, 1702.

"On

“ On Friday,” Fuller proceeds, “ when I was carried to *Bridewell*, I was very sick and weak, but nothing availed; I must suffer, and had thirty-nine lashes. Being ironed with heavy fetters, I was sent down immediately to hard labour, and not so much as allowed to be dressed; which favour was never denied any before, insomuch that, when I came from work at night, the blood had dried my shirt and skin together, so that both came off. I had a violent fever, but must to work the next day by fix. I was barbarously used by some of the petty officers of the place, and was inhumanly beat and bruised by one of the Arts-Masters, for which he had no reasonable pretence; as the court, after a full hearing of the matter, declared; and obliged him to beg pardon, to pay the surgeon, and never to strike me again. I paid five shillings a week for a bed in the two-penny room, and accordingly for all things else.

I am now a prisoner in the common side of the Queen’s Bench; lodged under ground, in close nauseous holes, such as a gentleman would hardly put a dog into that he loved; we have no air, nor is there any thing but misery to be seen.”

END OF VOL. I.

